
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JANUARY, 1802.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

HIS EXCELLENCY M. OTTO,

MINISTER FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Embellished with a fine Portrait.

Les hommes sont égaux, ce n'est point la naissance,
C'est la seule vertu qui fait la différence.

VOLTAIRE.

THE public curiosity has been of late strongly excited respecting the subject of our memoir, and we shall be happy in affording it a degree of gratification. We are of opinion indeed that few biographical particulars have transpired—but what we know shall be detailed—we wish we knew more. Our duty, however, is to lay before our readers the materials which have been transmitted us. With foreigners it is to be supposed that we cannot be so well acquainted as with the illustrious characters belonging to our own country.

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M. OTTO was born about 1759, at Alsace, on the borders of Germany. Of his education, particular care was taken, for he appears to have been thoroughly initiated into those branches of learning which are deemed most necessary for intellectual improvement. When he finished his education, he applied to the study of the law, and soon arrived to a state of distinction. Previous to the late revolution in France, he had been an advocate, and was employed by the old French government in an embassy to America. This shews their opinion of his diplomatic abilities; and he seems to have acquitted himself in that department to their approbation. The connection between France and America, at that period, was of a most important kind, and therefore such an employment must have conferred on M. OTTO no small portion of celebrity.

In the year 1791 he returned to France, and was appointed secretary for foreign affairs. Two years after he became secretary to Le Brun, then minister for foreign affairs, at the period when war was declared against Britain; and it is highly honourable to M. OTTO, that he did every thing in his power to prevent a rupture with this country. On the destruction of the Brissotine party, he was dismissed, and lived in retirement near Paris. During the infamous reign of Robespierre he was imprisoned, but happily escaped the axe of the guillotine—under which fell some of the greatest characters in that country! When Sieyes was sent ambassador to Berlin, he was appointed charge d'affaires. Some time after, M. OTTO was destined by the consular government to be its representative in England—for he is well acquainted with the English language. Ostensibly indeed he was only the agent for the prisoners: but he kept in his eye other matters of a more elevated kind—he wished for *Peace*, and directed the whole energy of his mind

to allay the passions of the two contending nations. This great object (which had, no doubt, occupied the attention of good men on both sides of the water for a considerable time) was at length happily effected. Preliminaries of PEACE were signed on the first day of October, 1801, in Downing-street—on the part of His Majesty by Lord Hawkesbury, and by M. OTTO on the part of the French government.

Such then is the history of the man whose portrait decorates the present number of our miscellany. It has not been in our power to enter into much detail. But one thing is evident in the subject of our memoir—that M. OTTO hath at the commencement and conclusion of the late war entertained pacific intentions. Such a trait in his character is highly to be esteemed: we contemplate it with admiration. While the statesmen of antient and modern times have in general rendered themselves celebrated by fanning the flame of contention between the different nations of the earth—be it *our* ambition to study the ARTS of PEACE! Such a *di-vine conduct* will meet with an appropriate reward—It is the *only* sure means of securing our INDIVIDUAL, our SOCIAL, and our PUBLIC FELICITY.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LVIII.]

THE FARMER'S BOY,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

O come, blest spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
 Thou rushing warmth that hovers round my heart,
 Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
 That poverty itself cannot destroy!
 Be thou my muse, and, faithful still to me,
 Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.

FARMER'S BOY.

THESE beautiful introductory lines to the *Farmer's Boy* shew the spirit by which it is uniformly characterised. Justness of sentiment, simplicity of expression, and an easy versification—are the leading traits by which it stands distinguished from the common poems of the day. The history of the poet we have already detailed at some length in our biographical department, and thither we refer our readers for the gratification of their curiosity. It is indeed an history well worth attention—it shews that genius will display itself in spite of every impediment, and that in these enlightened times, talents will meet with a suitable reward.—The writer of this article has the pleasure of knowing Mr. Bloomfield, and is happy in paying this tribute of respect to his poetical effusions.

This beautiful poem, the *Farmer's Boy*, is distributed, like Thomson's *Seasons*, into four parts, according with the four seasons of the year—*Spring*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*. To *Spring* we shall confine ourselves in this paper—taking up the other parts in the three successive numbers of our miscellany.

Under *Spring* the poet has enumerated the usual signs by which the season is distinguished. This task is executed with judgment and delicacy. Describing himself under the character of the *farmer's boy*, he frequently refers to his private history. The following passage is interesting and poetical:—

Where noble GRAFTON spreads his rich domains
Round *Euston's* water'd vale and sloping plains,
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies—
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And sculking foxes, destin'd for the chace;
There GILES, untaught and unrepining, stray'd
Thro' every copse, and grove, and winding glade;
There his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,
That stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.
A little farm his generous master till'd,
Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd:
By deeds of hospitality endear'd—
Serv'd from affection—for his worth rever'd;
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board;
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd;
And four score ewes he fed, a sturdy team,
And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream.
Unceasing industry he kept in view—
And never lack'd a job for GILES to do!

He then describes himself going out to plow,
and then harrowing—

His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
'Till dirt usurp the empire of his shoes!

The farmer is afterwards mention'd in these pleasing lines (the grain having been committed into the bosom of the earth:)

The work is done—no more to man is given—
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven;

Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
 And marks the first green blade that breaks the
 ground,
 In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
 His tufted barley yellow with the sun;
 Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
 And *all* his harvest gather'd round his door.

Giles watching the springing grain—keeping off
 the rooks, and listening to the harmony of the fea-
 thered tribes—are sweetly delineated. We almost
 behold him engaged in these rural occupations.

The calling of the cows is most picturesquely de-
 scribed:

The clatt'ring dairy-maid, immers'd in steam,
 Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
 Bawls out—*Go fetch the cows!*—He hears no more,
 For pigs, and ducks, and turkies throng the door,
 And sitting hens, for constant war prepar'd---
 A concert strange to that which late he heard!

The *Suffolk* cheese is severely but justly satirised
 in these terms:

If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,
 Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,
 And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,
 Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade,
 Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,
 Too big to swallow, or too hard to bite!
 Inglorious victory! Ye Cheshire meads,
 Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where plenty treads,
 Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,
 Farewell your pride! farewell renowned cheese!
 The *skimmer* dread, whose ravages alone
 Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone!

The opening beauties of Spring are then hap-
 pily delineated—

Where'er she treads LOVE gladdens every plain,
Delight on tip-toe bears her lucid train ;
Sweet *Hope*, with conscious brow, before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from summer skies !

The *playing of the lambs* is a perfect picture : it is an exact transcript of nature——

Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, " Come, let us try our speed !"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembles as they bound along ;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where ev'ry mole-hill is a bed of thyme ;
There, panting, stop, yet scarcely can refrain,
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again !

The poet closes the scene by lamenting the ravages of the *butcher*—but checks his lamentations in these lines, which form the conclusion :

Down, indignation ! hence, ideas foul !
Away the shocking image from my soul !
Let kindlier visitants attend my way
Beneath approaching *Summer's* fervid ray,
Nor thankless gloom obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is—*universal joy* !

Such is the first part of the *Farmer's Boy*.—Considering the circumstances of the author, the sentiments inculcated, and the beauties displayed—we deem it the most wonderful poem which modern times have produced.

Islington.

J. E.

ACCOUNT
OF
THE COMMONWEALTH OF BABINA,

THE Commonwealth of Babina was founded in Poland in the reign of Sigismund Augustus, in the 16th century. It took its rise from a set of gentlemen, inhabitants of Lublin, who had agreed to meet at a place called Babina, merely for the purposes of mirth and jollity. In time their number increased, and they formed themselves into a regular government, under the presidency of a king, senate, and chief magistrates. The magistrates were elected from something which appeared ridiculous in the character or conduct of any of the members. For instance, if any person was meddling or officious, he was immediately created an archbishop; a blundering or disputatious member was promoted to the speaker's chair; a boaster of his own courage, and vain-glorious *Thraso*, was honoured with the commission of generalissimo, which was presented him with great ceremony by the inferior heroes. Those who declined the office for which they were declared qualified, were persecuted by hissings, and abandoned by the society. Thus every vice and every foible was attacked with ridicule; and Babina became in a short time the terror, the admiration, and the reformer of the Polish nation: genius flourished, wit was cultivated, and the abuses which crept into government and society were corrected by the judicious application of good-humoured satire. Never did any institution of this nature become so general or so useful; but at length it degenerated into a set of buffoons, and banterers of every thing sacred or profane. For several years it was patronized by the

kings of Poland, and Sigismund himself became a member ; the starosta of Babina telling him jocularly, That " His Majesty had certain qualities which intitled him to the first dignity in the commonwealth." Not the least remnant of the society now remains, though it was honoured with extraordinary privileges by kings and emperors.

THE LATE
EMPEROR PAUL AND KOTZEBUE.

THE following curious particulars relative to the extraordinary Challenge of the Sovereigns of Europe, inserted in the Petersburg gazette, by order of the late Emperor Paul I. are given in the second part of Kotzebue's most remarkable year of his life.

Count Von de Pahlen had sent for M. Kotzebue to come to him.—" When I came to the count," says he, " he said to me, laughing, The emperor will have a challenge to a tournament, addressed to all the sovereigns of Europe, and their ministers. I must write it, and it is then to be published in the gazette. Baron Thuguet is particularly challenged to break a lance ; and General Kutusoff and myself are to be named as seconds to the emperor (the thought of the seconds had suggested itself to the emperor about half an hour before, and he immediately wrote it down with a black-lead pencil which lay on the count's table). This extraordinary production is to be ready in an hour, and the emperor has ordered that I shall carry it to him in person.

" I undertook to write it—and in an hour's time brought the challenge. The count, who was better acquainted with the sentiments of the monarch

than I, thought it not sarcastic enough; I therefore sat down in his closet, and wrote a second, which he liked better.—We then went together to court. I was now, for the first time, to stand before the man who, by his severity and benefits, had been to me the cause of so much terror and joy, grief and gratitude. I had not wished for this honour, and feared it could not but prove injurious to me, as I could scarcely suppose that the sight of me could be very agreeable to him.

“ We waited a considerable time in the antichamber: the emperor was gone to take a ride, but at length he returned. Count Pahlen went to him with a paper, staid with him some time, and then came back with an air of disappointment, saying to me, as he passed me, only these words—‘ Come to me again at two o’clock—it must be stronger.’

“ I returned home, convinced (as I thought) that I should not in this way gain the favour of the monarch; but scarcely had I been half an hour in my chamber, when one of the attendants of the court came to me, almost breathless, to order me to come instantly to the emperor.—I made all the haste I could.

“ When I entered the closet, I found only Count Pahlen with him. The emperor was standing at a writing-desk, and when he saw me, advanced to meet me, and, with a slight bow, said, in a manner inexpressibly gracious—‘ M. Von Kotzebue, I must begin by being reconciled to you.’

“ I was much confused by this unexpected reception. What a magic power is there in the condescension of princes!—all rancour immediately vanished from my heart. As the etiquette required, I attempted to kneel and kiss his hand; but he prevented me in the kindest manner, kissed me on

the forehead, and proceeded as follows, in very good German:

‘ You are sufficiently acquainted with the world to be *au fait* to political affairs. I have often,’ said he, jokingly, ‘ been foolish enough; and to punish myself for it—as it is but just I should be punished—I have resolved that this (holding the paper in his hand) shall be inserted in the Ham-burgh gazettes.’

“ On this he took me confidentially by the arm, led me to the window, and read to me the challenge, which was in French, in his own handwriting. When he came to the conclusion, where it is said—‘ We know not what credit is to be given to this report, though it appears not to be without some foundation, since it bears the stamp of what he has been often accused of—(*Dont il a souvent été taxé*), he laughed very heartily, and I too laughed obsequiously.

‘ Why do you laugh?’ said he, twice repeating the words very quick, and laughing himself all the time.

“ To find your majesty so well informed, (answered I).

‘ There, there,’ said he, handing me the paper, ‘ go and translate it. Keep the original, but bring me a copy.’

“ I accordingly went and translated it. The last word *taxé*, somewhat perplexed me. Should I put accused (*beschuldigt*), the expression might appear too harsh, and offend the emperor. After much thinking, I chose a middle way, and translated it, ‘ of what he has often been thought capable.’

“ At two in the afternoon I went again to court. Count Kutusoff announced me to the emperor. I was immediately admitted, and found him this time quite alone.

‘Sit down,’ said he to me, very friendly; (but from respect I did not immediately obey)—‘No, no, sit down,’ repeated he with earnestness; I then took a seat, and placed myself opposite to him at the writing-desk.

“He took the French original in his hand:—‘Read to me,’ said he. I read slowly, and sometimes glanced my eye over the paper towards him. At the words ‘inclosed barriers’ he laughed.—With respect to the rest, he several times gave a gracious nod of approbation, till I came to the last word——

‘Thought capable!’ said he,—‘No, that is not the right word: charged (*taxirt*) would be better.’ I took the liberty to inform him that this word in German had quite another meaning from that it has in French. Very well,’ said he, ‘but the other is not the proper expression.’

“I now ventured to ask, in a low tone, whether accused (*beseuldigt*) would be a proper word.’

‘Right, right (said he), that is the word,’ repeating it three or four times—and I wrote it by his directions. He thanked me in the most friendly manner for the trouble I had taken, and dismissed me—much affected and pleased with his kind and condescending behaviour. Whoever has approached his person will agree with me, that he could be extremely engaging, and that it was difficult, nay, almost impossible, to withstand him.

“I have not thought it superfluous to relate this transaction with so many minute circumstances, since the challenge made so much noise in the world; when two days afterwards, to the astonishment of all Petersburg, it appeared in the court gazette. The president of the academy of sciences, to whom it was sent for insertion, could not believe his eyes; he carried it himself to Count Vander Pahlen, to be certain that no trick was played him.

At Moscow, the gazette was stopped, as no person could believe that the article was inserted with the consent of the monarch. The same was done at Riga.—The emperor himself, on the other hand, could scarcely wait till it was printed, and sent several times for it before it was ready, with the utmost impatience.

“ Three days afterwards, he sent me a snuff-box, set with diamonds, worth nearly 2000 roubles!—Never was a verbal translation of twenty lines better paid for.

“ I shall conclude this account with some French lines which were had about at Petersburg a few days after the emperor's death. I know not the author, but his portrait bears the stamp of truth :—

“ On le connoit trop peu, lui ne connoit personne ;
Actif, toujours pressé, bouillant, impérieux.
Amiable, séduisant, même sans la couronne,
Voulante gouverner seul, tout voir, tout fair mieux,
Il fit beaucoup d'ingratis et mourut malheureux.”

REMARKS ON, AND TRANSACTIONS FROM *THE ANTIENTS.*

BY HENRY KIRK WHITE.

HYPERIDES.—No. 1.

THE name of Hyperides, the rival of Demosthenes, and the model of patriotism, is now no longer heard of. Yet there was a time when Athens rung with the praises of his disinterestedness and magnanimity, and when the forum resounded with exclamations of wonder at his eloquence.—Such and so precarious is renown !

Hyperides, the orator, was a native of Athens, and a disciple of the divine Plato, and afterwards of Socrates. He flourished about 330, B. C. and had attained such excellence as a public speaker, that it was a subject of debate amongst the Athenians whether he or Demosthenes possessed the superiority. His patriotism and magnanimity exceeded, if possible, his eloquence, many instances of which are preserved in the histories of his time. Among others—he so far sacrificed and mastered his internal feelings, when his country's welfare was in question, that on being informed and convinced that Demosthenes had taken bribes, though his dearest and most intimate friend, he accused him in the senate of the crime, and procured his banishment! During the accusation his voice faltered, and he was frequently obliged to stop, in order to suppress his rising emotions. When he had finished, he sunk on the bench exhausted—"Oh, my country!" said he, "what a sacrifice have I made to thy interests!"

The Athenian republic, though split by factions, and a prey to private ambition, long felt the benefit of his talents: he supported its drooping powers, and checked the corruptions which were undermining the constitution; and it is probable, that but for his activity, the democracy would have met with its fate at a much earlier period than that at which it was dissolved.

At the unfortunate battle of Cranow, Hyperides was made prisoner, and fearing lest the enemy into whose hands he was fallen should force him by tortures to reveal the secrets of his country, he tore his tongue out with his own hands, and soon after was put to death, by command of Antipater, 322 years before the Christian æra.

Of his numerous orations, only one has escaped the ravages of time, and that is universally admired

for its elegance, sweetness, and all those qualities which shine so conspicuously in those of Cicero.— His language is chaste, his ornaments unaffected, and his thoughts brilliant; yet it appears probable that he would not have succeeded in forensic eloquence, as that species of speaking requires an insinuating mode of argument, which he does not appear to have affected.

Though Plutarch thinks Hyperides to be inferior to Cimon, Thucydides, and Pericles, yet he numbers him with Demosthenes, whom, he says, would have merited a higher rank, had he been less cowardly and more disinterested. His character, however, is much more impartially drawn by Longinus, in his Treatise on the Sublime, which I shall translate for the benefit of those who cannot come at the original.

“ If the number,” says he, “ rather than the quality of its beauties, be the best criterion of the merit of a piece, it follows that Hyperides is superior to Demosthenes. In fact, besides being more harmonious, he has more of the qualifications requisite for a good orator, though he may be said to resemble those athletics, who succeed in all the five species of exercise, and consequently possessing no peculiar excellence in any one, are not considered as equal to those who, by devoting their attention to one particular object, attain superiority in it alone. He has indeed imitated Demosthenes whenever he was worthy of imitation, except in the composition of his sentences, and the arrangement of his words. To the strength of this orator, he unites the graceful sweetness of Lysias; he softens the harshness and uncongeniality of things with amazing success, and this in a mode perfectly original, and different from the before mentioned orator. In depicting the manners, he excels. His style, amid his vivacity, has a certain agreeable, yet florid

sweetness, and he abounds with extraneous matter, pleasantly introduced. His manner of rallying and laughing is fine, and possesses something engaging, yet dignified and noble. No one can manage irony better; his pleasantry is not cold and far fetched like that of some of his imitators, but lively and striking; his adroitness at eluding objections, and parrying or turning them to ridicule is wonderful; he has much comic wit, and is full of sportive turns and antithetical points, which have in general a good effect—at the same time seasoning these things with inimitable grace and dignity. He was also born to move the passions, and excite commiseration and pity. In his fabulous narrations he is easy and extended, and his digressions are pleasingly introduced. In his compositions he appears always at home; he turns and breathes where he likes, as may be seen in his fables of Latona, and all is nature, ease, and grace. A funeral oration which he made, is written in so fine a style of eulogium, and with so much appropriate pomp and ornament, that I am at a loss to know whether it hath ever been equalled.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Nottingham,
Nov. 17, 1801.

CHARACTER
OF
THE LATE GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

TO say that his loss is deeply regretted by all the lovers of truth and freedom would be saying little. It may be truly affirmed of him, without exaggerated praise, that in literary attainments he has left few superiors—in uprightness of heart and

conduct, none. To his general merits as a man of learning, to the extent and accuracy of his classical knowledge, to the diligence and success with which he pursued his critical researches into the writings of antiquity, both sacred and profane, the first scholars of the Continent have borne a willing and an ample testimony.

If he has been more sparingly praised by the learned of his own country, the cause is to be found in the unpopularity of some of his opinions, and in that want of candour which is the inseparable concomitant of party spirit. Happily there are yet some among ourselves in whom no difference of sentiment can stifle the perception of real excellence—scholars of the first rank, who disdain the meanness of concealing what justice commands them to avow—who are not afraid to bestow applause upon those who deserve it, be their party what it may, and who regard with contempt the hatred and the calumnies of those little-minded beings who resent the praise of all talents that are not enlisted on their own side.

But whatever might have been Mr. Wakefield's claims to respect as a scholar and a critic, the lovers of truth and virtue will discover in him merits of a higher cast. They will admire, above all, much more than his literary endowments, that sacred regard to moral rectitude, of which he was at all times, and in all situations, so eminent an example. They will venerate as they ought—especially amidst that tergiversation and sacrifice of principle, of which they have witnessed so much in these times—they will venerate almost to idolatry his unshaken adherence to what he deemed the cause of freedom and humanity, and his readiness to incur any danger of suffering or death in its defence. Of his particular modes of thinking on religious and political subjects, different men will form different

opinions. Concerning the integrity of his heart, and the consistency of his character, there can be but one opinion amongst those who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. The foundation of this integrity and this consistency, was laid in early life. In the course of his academical studies he imbibed from the fountains of Greece and Rome an ardent love of truth, a generous regard to public freedom, a manly sense of personal dignity and independence ; he had too many occasions of observing, that without these moral feelings splendid talents are only higher qualifications for mischief, fitting and tempting those who possess them to become the advocates of error, the apologists of vice, and the tools of oppression. He therefore fortified his mind against those allurements of vanity and ambition, to which minds of such a texture as his are so much exposed, by cherishing those magnanimous sentiments with which his favourite authors abound. Too many of his contemporaries seem to have regarded these sentiments as fit only to be the passing amusement of a youthful fancy, but too romantic for that state of society in which they rise most surely to wealth and honour, who can cringe with the most fawning servility at the foot of power. Very different were the views of Mr. Wakefield—he did not throw off his early convictions with his academical gown, and think only of employing his talents to secure his preferment ; on the contrary, that which began in the honest feelings of his nature, he gradually improved into a permanent principle, of which he became the more tenacious, the farther he advanced in life. Those generous purposes, which the sages of Athens engendered, were nursed into vigour by the seers of Judea ; and the spirit which he inhaled upon Parnassus, was illumined and sanctified by the purer and more elevated spirit of Mount Zion. That

love of truth and virtue which philosophy had taught him as a dignified sentiment, Christianity consecrated as a religious duty : and whilst he listened with respect to the advice of Socrates, he bowed with submission to the authority of Jesus. His researches into the Sacred Volume produced a full and permanent conviction of the truth of revelation, and a firm resolution to teach and to practice nothing but what he thought strictly conformable to its spirit ; and as soon as he found reason to adopt opinions very different from those of the church in which he had been educated, with that disinterested rectitude which so strongly marked his whole conduct, he sacrificed his advantages and expectations to his sense of duty, and relinquished a situation which he could no longer hold consistently with his convictions.

But though he left the church of England, he did not cease to labour (O that he might have laboured longer !) to enlarge and edify the church of Christ. He resolved, independent of any established creed, and unbiassed by any worldly emolument, to employ his learning in elucidating the sense and morals of the Gospel, and in holding up to veneration the God like character and unparalleled sacrifices of its Author. Unhappily for the interests of biblical criticism and genuine religion, the Christian world is deprived, by his untimely death, of those exertions which were to be expected in this line of study from the vigour of his age and judgment ; whilst the lovers of classical literature have equally to lament the disappointment of those well founded hopes which they entertained from his indefatigable and accurate investigation of Greek and Roman learning.

It is not the object of this article to detail the dates and circumstances of Mr. Wakefield's life and writings : nor is it intended to comment upon

the occasion which drew down on his head the weight of ministerial vengeance. This only it may be permitted to say, whatever political malevolence may assert or insinuate to the contrary, that in connection with the general cause of freedom and humanity, no man was more deeply concerned for the real prosperity of his country, or better disposed to sacrifice all personal considerations in promoting it. Actuated by this spirit of disinterested patriotism, his mind was too ardent to weigh expressions in the balance of worldly prudence, when reprobating measures which to his judgment appeared destructive of those great objects that were ever uppermost in his thoughts. If in opposition to these measures he sometimes became too indignant to accommodate his language to that courtly standard which men of colder temperament have fixed, allowance will be made by the candid, even among his political opponents, for feelings constitutionally strong, and irritated by the conviction (well or ill-founded) that his country, through the mal-administration of its affairs, was hastening to inevitable ruin. That intrepid spirit which he displayed in the course of his prosecution, will naturally be held up by those to whom it was obnoxious as the effect of obstinacy; but to those who were acquainted with his character and principles of action, it is known to have proceeded from a deep-rooted conviction that he was bound as a Christian to bear witness to the truth, without fearing what man could do unto him. Of the conduct of administration, in instituting such a prosecution upon such grounds against such a man, impartial posterity will judge: and it requires but little sagacity to foresee that the result of that judgment will be a sentence of reprobation. The length to which this article has already extended, prevents the writer of it from saying what justice requires him to say of Mr. Wakefield's do-

mestic virtues : to those who know how much these virtues endeared him to his family, and how deeply he is lamented by all who saw him in the intercourses and enjoyments of domestic life, no other testimony is necessary. How much he possessed the power of attaching his private friends, was sufficiently seen in that almost unexampled anxiety which his illness excited—in that unfeigned sorrow which followed his death, and in that tribute of affectionate regard which many of them paid to his memory in attending his remains to the place of his interment. Were any other evidence wanting, we might refer to those exertions (equally honourable to himself and to his friends) by which the severity of his sentence and imprisonment was so greatly mitigated. The regrets which they now feel, and long will feel for his loss, will be a lasting tribute to his worth—and the veneration which they feel for his character, they will hand down to their posterity.

JOHN LAW.

THIS once celebrated personage, since the happy arrival of General Lauriston in this country, has once more become an object of curiosity. His history is instructive, yet little is to be found relating to him in our biographical dictionaries.

He was the author of the most considerable revolution that ever the finances of a nation experienced : France in one week appeared to enjoy incalculable millions, while in the following she was buried in bankruptcy.

Law was the son of an advocate at Edinburgh, and born in 1688. In London he became enamoured of the sister of a lord (whose name I cannot discover). This lord, not approving of her

marriage with an adventurer, challenged Law, and fell in the duel. Law immediately escaped into Holland—and was tried, convicted, and outlawed in England. Perhaps it was in Holland he acquired that turn of mind which pleases itself with immense calculations; he became an adept in the mysteries of exchanges and re-exchanges. From thence he proceeded to Venice, and other cities, studying the nature of their banks. In 1709, he was in Paris the same speculative genius he had hitherto been.

At the close of the reign of Louis XIV. the French finances were in great disorder, and having obtained an audience of that monarch, the bankrupt king was much delighted by his projects.—Law offered to pay the national debt by establishing a company whose paper was to be received with all possible confidence, and who were to make immense profits by their commercial transactions. The minister Desmarest, to get rid of Law, threatened him, by one of his emissaries, with the Bastile. Law quitted Paris, and was a wanderer through Italy. He addressed himself to the King of Sardinia, who refused our adventurer's assistance, declaring, that he was not powerful enough to ruin himself!

At the death of Louis XIV. the Duke of Orleans was regent. Law ventured again to Paris, and found the regent more docile: the duke indeed was placed in a most trying situation—the finances were all in confusion, and no hope was offered by any one to settle them. The duke lent his ear at first reluctantly to Law, convinced what consequences must follow such ideal wealth as that in which our adventurer dealt. In despair, the numerical quack was called in to relieve, by his powerful remedy, the disorder which no one would attempt to cure.

Law commenced with a most brilliant perspective: he established his bank, was chosen director of the East India Company, and soon gave his scheme that vital credit which produced real specie; for in that distracted time every one buried or otherwise concealed his valuables; but when the illusion of Law began to operate, every coffer was opened, while the proprietors of estates preferred his paper to the possession of their lands. All Europe seemed delighted—Law acquired millions in a morning, and even the regent himself was duped, and felicitated himself on his possession of so great an alchemist.

Law was honoured with nobility, and created Count Tankerville; as for marquisats, he purchased them at his will.—Edinburgh, his native city, humbly presented him with her freedom, in which appear these remarkable expressions: “The corporation of Edinburgh presents its freedom to John Law, Count of Tankerville, &c. &c. a most accomplished gentleman; the first of all bankers in Europe; the fortunate inventor of sources of commerce in all parts of the remote world—and who has so well deserved of his nation.” From a Scotchman (says Voltaire) he became, by naturalization, a Frenchman; from a Protestant, a Catholic; from an adventurer, a prince; and from a banker, a minister of state!

While Law was undergoing these metamorphoses himself, he was performing the same droll exhibition in all kinds of individuals. Fortunes were made in a month—and stock jobbing was seen even in the narrowest alleys in Paris. Singular anecdotes are recorded of those days.—A coachman gave warning to his master, who begged at least that he would provide him with another as good as himself; Whip replied—“I have hired two this morning, take your choice, and I will have the

other."—A footman also set up his chariot, but going to it, he got up behind, till he was reminded by his own servant of his mistake.—An old beggar, who had a remarkable hunch on his back, haunted the *Rue Quincampoix*, which was the crowded resort of all stock-jobbers: he acquired a good fortune by lending it out for five minutes as a desk!

Law himself was adored; the proudest courtiers were humble reptiles before this mighty man; dukes and duchesses patiently waited in his anti-chamber; and Mrs. Law (a haughty beauty) when a duchess was announced, exclaimed—"Still more duchesses! there is no animal so tiresome as a duchess!"—In the curious memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, a singular fact is recorded:—One morning, when Law was surrounded by a body of princesses, he was going to retire. They enquired the occasion: he gave one, in which they ought to have been silent; but, on the contrary, they said, "Oh! if it is nothing but that, let them bring here a *chaise percée* for Mr. Law!" When the young king was at play, and the stakes were too high even for his majesty, he refused to cover them all; young Law (the son of our adventurer) cried out, "If his majesty will not cover, I will." The king's governor frowned on the boy of millions, who, perceiving his error, threw himself at the king's feet.

The infatuation ran through all classes, and even the French Academy solicited for the honour of Law becoming their associate—the only calculator they ever admitted into their body.

But at length the evil hour looked dark and darker; the immense machine became so complicated that even the head of Law began to turn with its rapid revolutions. In 1719, he created credit, but in May, 1720, unaccounted millions disappeared in air. Nothing was seen but paper and bankruptcy every where. Law was considered as the

sole origin of the public misfortune—no one taxed his own credulity. They broke his carriages, destroyed his houses, and sought the arithmetician to tear him to pieces. He escaped from Paris in disguise, and long wandered in Europe incognito.—After some years, he found a hiding-place in Venice, where he lived poor, obscure—yet still calculating. Montesquieu, who saw him there, says—“He is still the same man: his mind ever busied in financial schemes: his head is full of figures, of agios, and of banks. His fortune is very small, yet he loves to game high.” Indeed of all his more than princely revenues, he only has saved, as a wreck, a large white diamond, which, when he had no money, he used to pawn.

Voltaire saw his widow at Brussels—she was then as humiliated, as miserable, and as obscure as she was triumphant and haughty at Paris. Such revolutions are not the least useful objects in history.

THE LIFE OF LYCURGUS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328, VOL. XIV.]

I WILL now give an instance or two of their satirical repartees, which, as I said before, had a sort of pleasantry in them that rendered them agreeable. Demaratus being asked by a troublesome importunate fellow, who was the best man in Lacedæmon, answered him—“He that is least like you.” Some in company where Agis was, much extolled the exact justice of the Eleans, who sat as judges at the Olympic games;—“It is such a great thing,” says Agis, “if they can do justice once in the space of five years!” One asked Archedame-

das what number of men there was at Sparta—he answered, “Enough to keep our enemies at a distance.”—The peculiar disposition of this people appeared even in their most ludicrous expressions, for they used not to throw them at random, nor ever uttered any thing which was not founded on good sense and reason. For instance, one reading this epitaph—

Here rest the brave, who quench’d tyrannic pride,
Victims of Mars—at Silenus they died——

Said that they deserved to die, for, instead of quenching, they should have let it burn out. A young man being offered some game-cocks so hardy that they would die upon the place, said, that he cared not for cocks that would die hardy, but for such as would live and kill others.—Nor were they less studious of poetry and music than they were of gracefulness and purity of language in their ordinary discourse.

When they were in the army, their exercises were generally more moderate, their fare was not so hard, nor their discipline so rigorous; so that they were the only people in the world to whom war gave repose. It was at once a solemn and terrible sight to see them march on the combat chearfully and sedately, without any disorder in their ranks, or discomposure in their minds, measuring their steps by the music of their flutes. Men in this temper were not likely to be possessed with fear, or transported with fury—but they proceeded with a deliberate valour and confidence of success, as if some divinity had sensibly affected them. Hepias, the sophist, says that Lycurgus himself was a very valiant and experienced commander.*

* Xenophon is of the same opinion.

No one was allowed to live after his own fancy: but the whole city resembled a great camp, in which every man had his share of provisions and business appointed; and their whole course of life was that of men who thought they were born not so much for themselves as for their country.

Upon the prohibition of gold and silver, all law-suits ceased of course, for there were now no such thing among them as wealth and poverty, but an equality in plenty; and as every thing was cheap, their wants were easily supplied.

They never discoursed about money and traffic—their conversation tended to praise some good action which had been performed, or to censure some fault which had been committed, and this was done with wit and good humour.

Argioleones, the mother of Brasidas, asking some strangers who came from Amphipoles, if her son died courageously and as became a Spartan—they praised him highly, and said, "There is not such left in Sparta." "Do not say so," replied she—"Brasidas indeed was valiant, but there are still in Sparta many better men than he."

The senate consisted at first of those who were Lycurgus's chief assistants in forming the government; and the vacancies he ordered to be supplied out of the best and most deserving men who were full threescore years old. The competition for this office was the most glorious that can be imagined, for there the dispute was not who among the swift was swiftest, but who of many wise and good was the wisest and best. In fine his great care was, that no space in life should be left vacant and unimproved, but that every circumstance, every action should lead to the love of virtue and the contempt of vice. Sparta was every where full of good institutions and examples.

He wished not the Spartans to visit foreign coun-

tries, nor foreigners to visit Sparta: he well knew that if the youth were permitted to travel, that they would bring in foreign manners and vices, and prefer some different form of government; and he likewise well knew that strangers bring usually new subjects of discourse along with them—these produce new opinions, whence arise many strange passions and inclinations inconsistent with the established form of government, and therefore he thought it best to keep out the infection of corrupt manners, than to prevent the introduction of a pestilence.

For my part, I can see no sign of injustice in the laws of Lycurgus, tho' some who allow that they were well contrived for making men good soldiers, yet censure them as defective in civil justice and honesty. It must be confessed that the Spartans dealt very hardly with the Helots, for they not only made them slaves, but added to this state of misery other woes—for they often forced them to drink to excess, and led them in that condition into their public halls, that their children might see what a contemptible vice drunkenness was.

When the principal part of his laws had taken such deep root in the minds of his countrymen that custom had rendered them familiar, and the commonwealth had acquired strength sufficient to support itself, then, as the Maker of the world (according to Plato) rejoiced when he had finished and put in motion the great machine, so Lycurgus felt a wonderful pleasure in the contemplation of the greatness and beauty of his political œconomy, every part of which was now put in action, and moved in due order.

To give stability, or rather immutability, to his laws, he had recourse to a kind of stratagem (a glorious deception!)—for, having called an assembly of the people, and told them that he now thought every thing tolerably well established, but that

there was one thing still left unaccomplished, and that this could not take place till he consulted the oracle of Delphi; in the mean time, he administered an oath to the two kings, the senate, and all the people, that they would, during his absence, inviolably maintain the form of government he had established. This done, he set forward to Delphi: but mark—not with intention to return to Sparta; he indeed consulted the oracle, and transmitted the answer to Sparta, which was thus, that “Sparta should continue in the highest renown while it observed the polity of Lycurgus.” Never did he return to the country he had in a manner formed—no! never did Lycurgus return! It is said that this wise law-giver put an end to his own existence! but it cannot be believed that a man so prudent in all other respects should thus put an end to his being.

In the reign of Agis, money first found its way into Sparta, and together with it the greedy desire of riches; * hence avarice and luxury gained an ascendancy, and subverted the laws and institutions of Lycurgus. It was not the main design of Lycurgus that this city should govern a great many others; he thought that the happiness of a kingdom, as of a private man, consisted in the exercise of virtue, and the establishment of internal tranquillity and order; therefore his principal aim was to inspire his people with generous sentiments, and teach them to moderate their desires, and by these means to secure the continuance of the republic. And all good writers on politics, as Plato, Diogenes, Zeno, and several others, have taken Lycurgus

* We refer our readers to an Essay on Riches, in a former volume of our miscellany, wherein their bad effects are clearly illustrated.

for their model. But these great men left only ineffectual schemes and mere words behind them; whereas Lycurgus, without writing any thing, did actually put in execution such a plan of government as has never been equalled. He produced a whole nation of philosophers, and therefore deserves to be preferred to all other law-givers of Greece.

Some say Lycurgus died in the city of Cirrah; but Apolothemes says he died after he was brought to Elis; Timues and Aristocratanus, that he ended his days in Crete; Aristocrates, the son of Heparchus, says that he died in Crete, and that the persons where he lodged, when they had burned his body, cast his ashes into the sea—which was what he himself had desired, fearing that if his remains should be transported to Lacedemon, the people might pretend to be released from their oath, and make innovations in the government.

CARUISH.

BRIEF REMARKS ON YOUTH.

SUITED TO AN OPENING YEAR.

AS Spring is the portion of the year which of all the other particularly enchants the naturalist, and that which he would chuse should be perpetual were he called upon to say which quarter should be rendered permanent—so youth is the most pleasing and interesting of the whole of human life. It is true, that at times the ebullitions of passion, and the rash acts which arise from want of calm deliberation or experience, sully this part of our days; but there is still a native innocence and frankness in youth which, amidst all its temporary follies and errors, excite our admiration and claim our regards, and give it the preference over either advanced life or declining years. In advanced life

man has too frequently become the mere creature of habit or interest, and his powers are thus bent in conformity to a world subject to caprice and folly, if not actually laying in wickedness. The Judge of nature would not look for the beauty of a horse after he has undergone the management of the stable, but in his coltish dress; after he has been trained, he becomes more sterlingly valuable, but he generally, in the attainment of his utility, sacrifices what interested us when he was a colt, namely, his rustic unadorned beauty. So when education has trained our youth, we doubtless become more useful in society, and therefore, in one sense, more respectable; but we do not excite those tender emotions in the hearts of those who know us, as when our powers were unfolding. In youth the unconsciousness of the tricks of the world excites our fears for its safety; when we have been trained, and taught those tricks, we are thought to be able to judge for ourselves, and then the diminished uncertainty for our future safety is scarce able to raise the emotion of fear. Thus it is that advancing years lose the power of exciting our regards, which younger years possessed. Declining age, in like manner, gives us little or no pleasure; the hoary locks we venerate, but they are generally attended with so many decrepitudes that we can take but little pleasure in the company of those who possess them. Not to respect old age, discovers a cruel want of sensibility and judgment; but it is very seldom we can say that we take lively pleasure in the company of old people. When old age consists only in length of days, and the faculties remain tolerably entire, then some satisfaction may be derived from conversing with it, from the information and advice we receive; for in this case, (to use the words of a wise and good man) 'days speak, and a multitude of years teach wisdom.'—

But when old age consists not only of length of days, but of almost a total defalcation of every faculty; it becomes an object of pity, not of pleasure—and this is the old age most frequently met with. The toothless jaw, which cannot masticate for its owner, and refuses to assist the tongue in the act of elocution—the memory, which cannot recollect the event of yesterday, and permits the tongue to utter as news the same dry tale over and over again—the voice, which can hardly be understood—and the ear, that can hardly be made to understand,—must all be regarded as burthens to the possessors and to surrounding friends; they truly demand our pity, but never can excite our joy or comfort. We are tempted to regard death as a most welcome guest, by which our friends are eased of their distresses, and we of companions no longer capable of affording pleasure. Some of the savages have a custom of putting to death their aged relatives, under the idea that they rendered their friends a service to rid them by this means of a life which was burthensome. Christianity, however, forbids those on whom it has shone to adopt such a custom; yet we cannot but wonder why some old decrepid people are spared in the world, seemingly quite useless;—we, however, know that this, as well as every other event, is directed by Infinite Wisdom, and that what we cannot fathom exactly now, we shall clearly understand hereafter.

From these remarks we infer that youth is the season capable of affording joy and pleasure; then cheerfulness sets on the brow, health on the cheek, vigour flows through every vein, activity urges every limb—and it interests more than any other period of life, from another cause not yet noticed, namely, the hope which it inspires. When we see a new neat vessel setting off from port for a long voyage, we cannot but feel an interesting hope that

she may arrive at her destined port in safety; every letter or intelligence which reaches us that she has touched in safety at any of the intermediate places between the harbour whence she sailed and the port whither she was going, diminishes our hope; till at length we find her marked as safe in port, and then our hope is over. So it is with youth. No tender heart can behold an amiable child smiling on the knee of its parent, unconscious of the unfriendly world into which it is come; nor view a young person starting in life, without ardently hoping that in spite of all the storms which will in the course of his voyage assail him, his bark may reach her port in safety. As he advances in life without harm, our hopes diminish; when in old age he reaches his harbour, our hopes are gone: we then behold him safe from every calamity, secure from every blast, and quite beyond the reach of the most cruel storms. This having reached his haven in security, is a source of congratulation; but, alas! it too seldom happens that the port *is reached securely*. Many are the temptations which often prove sufficient to induce the mariner to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. Old age then, it appears, *may* be a source of congratulation, *is always* an object of respect and compassion—but *does not* excite those interesting feelings as youth demands.

It may not be irrelevant here to notice the wisdom which God has displayed in making the youth of man bear a much greater proportion to his whole life than the youth of the animal tribes bear to the whole of their existence. Mr. Buffon asserts, as a sort of general rule (which, however, admits of very many exceptions), that the brutes live about seven times the period in which they arrive at maturity; those that are two years coming to maturity live about twice seven or fourteen years. How different the case with man! Twenty years, upon

an average, may be reckoned as passed before he reaches his full stature, and this is a year short of the time fixed by the wise laws of England as the point at which his judgment renders him responsible for his actions. Three score years and ten make up his days; thus instead of one-seventh, nearly one-third of his life is the period of his youth.— This is a wise provision in our nature, as will be seen when we consider the three following particulars; were it not so, that is, did our youth bear a less proportion to our whole life than it does, we should too much interfere with our fathers—we should, as it were, be pushing them off the stage of life before their time. This would be the case with the animal tribes, were all their offspring suffered to live and increase; but as they are killed for the service of man, or can be destroyed at his pleasure when they multiply too fast, this evil, with respect to them, is obviated. Another object gained by the length of our youth is the time afforded for education. The reasoning faculties of brutes are confined to a narrow bound; to a certain extent they are improveable, but beyond a certain point they cannot be extended. The reasoning powers of man, on the contrary, are capable of extent almost ad infinitum; indeed nothing on earth can afford them full satisfaction, for, as Pope concisely expresses it—

The soul, uneasy and confin'd at home,
Rests and *expatiates* on a life to come.

The education of brutes is very limited; long before they attain their height and size they can shift for themselves, and are taught as much as they are capable of learning. But man can daily add something to his stock of knowledge: much time is absolutely needful towards his procuring that *sum* of learning which will enable him to *pass through life*

with *respectability* and *comfort*; but when to this we add the time needful for the training of his passions, and the acquirement of knowledge of an heavenly nature, so as to render him fit for that existence, of which this life is but the infancy, the wisdom of so long a period being allotted to youth will appear in striking colours. The last (though by no means the least) object which is attained by the length of our youth, is the company which is thus provided for old age.

We have seen, from what has been offered, that old people are by no means pleasing companions—we respect them, we pity them, but we cannot enjoy their company. A person of eighty years has a garrulity, a custom of repeating foolish stories and trifling incidents which tires us: an obstinate attachment to antient customs, regardless of modern improvements, which vexes us; and were we obliged always to be in his company, we should feel it a disagreeable burthen. But this inconvenience is obviated by our being able to find in the person of children fit companions for age; by youth being a long period, and a great part of this being childhood, the grandfather and grandmother find good company in the persons of their grand-children.—Old age is justly called a second childhood; how wise, therefore, is the dispensation of Providence, which, by blending the company of those in the first with that of those in the second of those similar states, provides for the entertainment of both! The foolish expressions and untoward actions of old people, arising from decayed reason, are quite bright and proper enough for the entertainment of a child whose reason is not unfolded, while they are by no means acceptable to the ears or eyes of those who are of maturer years. Did we proceed faster to maturity, this comfortable circumstance could not

so well take place. Never, I confess, do I see an aged person with his grand-child on his knee without admiring the wisdom of that Being, who has ordered for our approach to maturity a progressive but *gradual* motion.

(To be continued in our next.)

ORIGIN OF LOTTERIES.

LOTTERIES, which are resorted to in most of the states of Europe as a measure of revenue, had their rise in Genoa, where it had long been customary to choose annually by ballot five members of the senate (which was composed of ninety persons,) in order to form a particular council.

Persons interested in these elections, backed their anticipations of the return of different senators by bets—and those speculations in a short time prevailed to such excess, and the people engaged in them with such eagerness, that the government conceived the idea of establishing a Lottery on the same principle. Such was the success of the project, that all the cities of Italy sent large sums of money to Genoa to adventure in it. Five tickets out of the ninety were drawn: a person naming one of these fortunate numbers received eighteen times the price of his ticket; naming two of them, he had $400\frac{1}{2}$ times the price of the ticket; naming three of them, he had 11,748 times its price; naming four of them, 511,038 times its price; and naming five numbers that would be drawn, he would receive nearly forty-four millions of times the money which he laid out.

The Pope, with a view to increase the revenues of the church, was the next to adopt the expedient

of a lottery, and the people of Rome became so fond of this species of gambling, that to indulge in it, they were wont to reduce their families to great distress, adopting at the same time every kind of foolery that credulity or superstition could inspire, in order to obtain fortunate numbers.

In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, lotteries, on similar plans, were drawn weekly, to the vast emolument of the state. In these, however, the beneficial chance to the adventurer, on naming one of the five numbers, was reduced to 15 times the amount of the stake; to 240 times, on naming three of them; and to 600 times the amount of money wagered, on naming four out of the five; the fifth number was not played, as the governments were unwilling to hazard so great a sum as they would lose by the whole five numbers being named.

METHOD

TO RENDER LINEN, SILK, &c. WATER-PROOF.

THE following cheap process is prevalent in China for oiling silks, cottons, linens, &c. which renders them impervious to water, supple, and free from cracking, or sticking together:—

Ten gallons of very old linseed, or other vegetable oil, is to be put into an iron pot capable of holding 20 gallons, to prevent its boiling over; this is to be kept boiling on a brisk fire of coke or charcoal for three or four hours, and when it has boiled long enough to catch fire by the introduction of a red-hot poker into it, it is to be permitted to blaze for half an hour, when it becomes tacky and of a green colour, and is rendered a drying varnish of a supple quality, though somewhat slower in drying than ordinary varnishes.

The linen, silk, &c. is to be equally damped, not to contain a single drop of water, and dipped into the liquid, and wrung, or it may be laid on with a brush. A handkerchief so dipped may be crumpled up in the pocket and expanded again without crack or injury.—Old oil must be used—it is homogeneous, its component parts are better assimilated, and it does not contain that floating mucilage to be met with in new oils.

Much care is requisite in the process of burning the oil, as the blaze will probably be 15 feet high, and the smell exceedingly offensive. When the oil is sufficiently burnt, a lid, fastened at the end of a pole, is to be put on, and the crevices stopped with cloths wrung out in water; but if a single drop of water should find its way into the hot oil, the pot will explode with violence.—When dipped, the linen, &c. must be hung to dry in a place having a current of fresh air, and free from dust—it may be several days drying: when dry, it will not smell, stick, or crack, but will resist water, and be of great durability.

The materials for umbrellas in this country are prepared somewhat after this manner, but not with that degree of attention to oil, &c. necessary to equal the productions of China.

ACCOUNT OF A MAN

WHO LIVED UPON LARGE QUANTITIES OF
RAW FLESH.

*In a Letter from Dr. Johnstone, Commissioner of sick
and wounded Seamen, to Dr. Blane.*

*Somerset-Place, Oct. 28, 1799.**My dear Sir,*

HAVING in August and September last been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit objects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, fellow of the college of physicians at Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend; and I requested him to institute an enquiry upon this subject during my stay at that place. I enclose you an attested copy of the result of this; and as it may probably appear to you, as it did to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry concerning this extraordinary person having occurred to me since

my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. JOHNSTONE.

*To Gilbert Blane, M.D. F.R.S.
and one of the Commissioners
of sick and wounded Seamen.*

CHARLES DOMERY, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged twenty-one, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service, on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army: and the peculiar craving for food in this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their skins) dead or alive! and says he had several conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands; sometimes he killed them before

eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office!

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment, on board the Hoche, and is now present—and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship, on board of which he was, had surrendered, after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg (which was shot off) lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him, and threw it over board.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied (by eating the rations of ten men daily *) he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the pri-

* The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expence of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration:—Twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

soners, who give him a share of their allowance.—Nor is his stomach confined to meat; for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refused to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he could eat in one day—on the 17th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning, he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnstone, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his Son, Mr. Foster, agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows:—There was set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock, when I again saw him, with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eat more; but from the prisoners without telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating

the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus :—

Raw cow's udder.....	4 lb.
Raw beef.....	10
Candles.....	2

—
Total..... 16 lb..

Besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef, when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off and swallowing pieces with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the grease off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after in a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes or turnips; but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and is good-tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by—

Destauban, French surgeon;
Le Fournier, steward of the hospital;
Revet, commissaire de la prison;
Le Flem, soldat de la fer demi brigade.

Thomas Cochrane, M. D. inspector and surgeon of the prison, and agent, &c. for sick and wounded seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1799.

[A true copy.]

John Bynion, clerk in the office for sick and wounded seamen.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

1st, What are the circumstances of his sleep and perspiration?

He gets to bed at eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he begins to sweat, and that so profusely, as to be obliged to throw off his shirt. He feels extremely hot, and in an hour or two after goes to sleep, which lasts until one in the morning, after which he always feels himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then eats bread or beef, or whatever provision he may have reserved through the day; and if he has none, he beguiles the time in smoking tobacco. About two o'clock he goes to sleep again, and awakes again at five or six in the morning in a violent perspiration, with great heat. This quits him on getting up; and when he has laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression) he feels his body in a good state. He sweats while he is eating; and it is probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin is commonly found to be cool.

2d. What is his heat by the thermometer?

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse is now eighty-four—full and regular.

3d. Can this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father ?

He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive, aged about fifty—a tall stout man, always healthy, and can remember he was a great eater, but was too young to remember the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He does not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all—he was then an infant ; his face is perfectly smooth.

4th. Is his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life ?

Though his muscles are pretty firm, I do not think they are so full or so plump as those of other men. He has, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight of flour in France, and marched fourteen leagues in a day.

5th. Is he dull or intelligent ?

He can neither read nor write, but is very intelligent and conversable, and can give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied ; so that I am inclined to believe that he adheres to truth.

6th. Under what circumstances did his voracious disposition first come on ?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia, at the siege of Thionville : They were at that time much straitened for provisions, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French general, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great enter-

tainment of that officer and his suite. From that time he has preferred raw to dressed meat; and when he eats a moderate quantity of what has been either roasted or boiled, he throws it up immediately. What is stated above, therefore, respecting his never vomiting, is not to be understood literally, but imports merely that those things which are most nauseous to others had no effect upon his stomach.

There is nothing farther to remark, but that since the attested narrative was drawn up he has repeatedly indulged himself in the cruel repasts before described, devouring the whole animal, except the skin, bones, and bowels; but this has been put a stop to, on account of the scandal which it justly excited.

In considering this case, it seems to afford some matters for reflection, which are not only objects of considerable novelty and curiosity, but interesting and important, by throwing light on the process by which the food is digested and disposed of.

Monstrosity and disease, whether in the structure of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illustrate parts of the animal economy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common course of nature. The power of the stomach, in so quickly dissolving, assimilating, and disposing of the aliment in ordinary cases, must strike every reflecting person with wonder; but the history of this case affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of these processes, just as objects of sight become more sensible and striking when viewed by a magnifying glass, or when exhibited on a larger scale.

The facts here set forth tend also to place in a stronger light the great importance of the discharge by the skin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that the recrementitious parts of the aliment are evacuated: that there is an

admirable co-operation established between the skin and the stomach, by means of that consent of parts so observable, and so necessary to the other functions of the animal economy; and, that the purpose of aliment is not merely to administer to the growth and repair of the body, but by its bulk and peculiar stimulus to maintain the play of the organs essential to life.

CURIOUS MEMOIRS OF A PARISH CLERK.

BY THE CELEBRATED DEAN SWIFT.

Extracted from the new edition of his works just published by
Mr. John Nichols.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio, which might justly be entitled, "The Importance of a Man to himself:" but, as it can be of very little use to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I, P. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish clerk: and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land—such, I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini*, 1655, the year wherein

our worthy benefactor esquire Bret did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, that "one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts—its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was farthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as the Lady and Death, the Children in the Wood, and Chevy-chace; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed, to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole county: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold, my head was broken a second time!—At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken

a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom ! But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, " what man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard ? " A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me—for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal phantasies : thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susannah Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame—for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and, to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage ! for the minister (who had long looked on Susannah as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some-wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band (which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy) I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear ! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me ! I said within myself, " Remember, Paul, thou standest before

men of high worship, the wise Mr. justice Freeman, the grave Mr. justice Thomson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters: nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my younger master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation—but the Lord forbid I should glory therein!

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, neither was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness (though sore against my heart) unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church: but verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water; and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my

two-fold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamblack powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth—for it is well known that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Farthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty—whom God preserve! Amen.

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like

unto excisemen ; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut, yet would I not forego that harmony—it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell. I had ever the interest of our high church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I be-thought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose I did institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men, at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; and myself. First of the first, Robert Jenkins:

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a whip or a fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been

honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, said to be written by himself:

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, death is a man
That never spareth none.

*ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG,*BY DR. HUGH BLAIR.

THE uncertainty of the enjoyments of human life checks presumption; the multiplicity of its dangers demands perpetual caution. Moderation, vigilance, and self-government, are duties incumbent on all; but especially on such as are beginning the journey of life. The scenes which present themselves, at our entering upon the world, are commonly flattering. Whatever they be in themselves, the lively spirits of the young gild every opening prospect. The field of hope appears to stretch wide before them. Pleasure seems to put forth its blossoms on every side. Impelled by desire, forward they rush with inconsiderate ardour: Prompt to decide, and to chuse; averse to hesitate, or to enquire; credulous, because untaught by experience; rash, because unacquainted with danger; headstrong, because unsubdued by disappointment.

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others, of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burthen on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your

honour or infamy depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection, for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up at so critical time to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you—what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when to the rest of mankind it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not for your sake reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you *to take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth.* He hath decreed that they only *who seek after wisdom shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted because of their transgressions; and that whoso refuseth instruction destroyeth his own soul.* By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of heaviness of heart.

When you look forward to those plans of life which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits: this is the universal preparation for every character and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society: it is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character, the generous sentiments which it breathes, the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations—are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments

of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Let not then the season of youth be barren of improvements so essential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the seed-time of life ; and according to *what you sow, you shall reap*. Your character is now, under Divine assistance, of your own forming ; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft ; habits have not established their dominion ; prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding ; the world has not had time to contract and debase your affections ; all your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed, and free, than they will be at any future period :—whatever impulses you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run ; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you ; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course ; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood ; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will

be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its latter end can be no other than *vexation of spirit*.

Piety to God is the foundation of good morals, and is a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions; the heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendships which has ever been shewn you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy—now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you—not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. But though piety chiefly belongs to the heart, yet the aid of the understanding is requisite, to give a proper direction to the devout affections. You must endeavour, therefore, to acquire just views both of the great principles of natural religion, and of the the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. For this end

study the sacred scriptures: Consult the word of God more than the systems of men, if you would know the truth in its native purity. When, upon rational and sober enquiry, you have established your principles, suffer them not to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical. Remember, that in the examination of every great and comprehensive plan, such as that of Christianity, difficulties may be expected to occur; and that reasonable evidence is not to be rejected because the nature of our present state allows us only to *know in part, and to see through a glass darkly*. Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into prophane sallies; besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth than the affectation of treating religion with levity: instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere.—At the same time you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour; it is social, kind, and cheerful—far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of ac-

tive life. Let it be associated in your imagination, with all that is manly and useful—*with whatsoever things are true, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report, wherever there is any virtue, and wherever there is any praise.* Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed—but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth; Modesty is one of its chief ornaments, and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hands, but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity, and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they are resolved to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge with precipitate indiscretion into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Seest thou a young man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.*—Positive as you now are in your own opinions, and confident in

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your assertions, be assured that the time approaches when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire will by and bye sink in your esteem; and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Distrust, therefore, that glare of youthful presumption which dazzles your eyes. Abound not in your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness; nor imagine that by the impetuosity of juvenile ardour you can overturn systems which have been long established, and change the face of the world. *Learn not to think more highly of yourselves than you ought, but to think soberly.* By patient and gradual progression in improvement, you may in due time command lasting esteem. But by assuming at present a tone of superiority, to which you have no title, you will disgust those whose approbation it is most important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to be the companions of an idle hour. More solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance and consideration in subsequent life.

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth—this is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character where we can see no heart, those foldings of art through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate—present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew itself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men, when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in

old age ; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame : it degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm—they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. *The lip of truth shall be established for ever ; but a lying tongue shall be but for a moment.* The path of truth is a plain and a safe path—that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop ; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct ; it betrays at the same time a dastardly spirit ; it is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself—whereas openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. But to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition ; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonest arts ; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation—are the indications of a great mind, and the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wis-

dom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind—of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

The following particulars respecting that extraordinary being are extracted from the Report made to the National Institute by Citizen Degerando.

WHEN the young creature, known by the name of the Savage of Aveyron, was discovered in the forest of Canni, and brought to Paris by the professor Bonaterre, the public for a considerable time echoed with this intelligence. It occupied the idle, attracted the curious, and gave rise to a multitude of discussions which were at least premature, as they could then have no foundation but conjecture.

In the mean time, the public (who ran in crowds to see this child) were astonished to behold in him only a being, nearly insensible, which appeared neither to hear nor to see, which gave no sign of attention, and appeared to have no sort of active principle. Thus the interest which he excited became extinct as soon as it was raised.

The spirit of system then passed a new sentence on him. Some persons (according to whose opinions the savage state is not only the primitive, but also the most perfect state of man) were surprised that this child of nature corresponded so ill with their ideas; and, dreading that he would com-

pletely overturn their hypothesis, they hastened to secure themselves from any conclusion that might be deduced from him, by declaring that he was born a fool.

Superficial minds confirmed this sentence. The Savage of Aveyron resembled a fool; it was therefore easy to conclude he was a fool; and, what lent a strong confirmation to this opinion was, that Pinel (a physician, who has acquired a high reputation by his successes on persons of disordered intellects) having accurately examined all the circumstances connected with the physical and moral state of this boy, and having compared them with those of the idiots confined at the hospital of the Salpetriere, found such a perfect coincidence between them, that he thought himself justified in declaring this creature a natural idiot.

But a few philosophers still opposed themselves to a decision so precipitate and severe. They thought it possible that the solitary and brutal life of the Savage of Aveyron might have produced a sort of habitual idiotism, the appearances of which might be similar to those of natural idiotism; and they held it extremely unjust to condemn the creature for ever, and extremely unwise to leave so extraordinary a phenomenon totally unexplained; at the same time they suggested the means that they conceived would be most effectual to rouse his faculties, and unfold his understanding, if in reality he had any. Locke and Condilhac had already given the idea of these means. Previous to any attempt to produce connection of ideas, the ideas themselves should be created; in order to create the ideas, the attention should be fixed; and, in order to fix the attention, the wants and necessities of the person should be interested. They did not wish to teach him the use of signs, before he could have acquired those notions which these terms are in,

tended to express; they wished to work on his sensibility, to direct it to its proper object, and, by the formation of new habits, to counteract those depraved ones by which he had already been enslaved. They saw that a long time would be required to excite in him attention to a world to which he was a stranger, and regard for objects in which he has been and was yet totally uninterested; but they resolved to apply themselves with industry, and to await the effect with patience.

The boy was committed to the care of Citizen Ytard, physician of the national institution for the deaf and dumb, in order that, by the combination of physical and modern remedies, the double incapacities under which he laboured might be more effectually removed. Citizen Ytard's exertions have already been crowned with a degree of success which is almost prodigious; he has published the particulars, which he has dedicated to the National Institute.

He proceeded nearly in the following order:—The sense of feeling seemed to be nearly paralysed in the child; he shewed no sensibility either to heat or cold, his smell and taste were plunged in a similar sleep. A repetition of warm baths soon unfolded his nervous sensibility; in a little time after his feeling acquired a considerable degree of delicacy; he became nice in the choice of his food: he made use of a selection and a cleanliness in it, to which he had before been a stranger; his choice was directed by the smell.

The eye of this child was wild and wandering: he saw, without doubt, but he never dwelt on the object. The loudest noises appeared scarcely to strike his ear; a pistol-shot would not make him turn his head: superficial observers would have concluded that he was deaf—but Citizen Ytard was aware that even when the sense is perfect, no

perception is produced unless the mind is attentive, and he was not astonished that the violence of this sound made no impression on a being whom it could not interest. He found a new proof of the justness of his observation in the attention which his pupil bestowed on the smallest sound which could interest him, such as the cracking of a nut, or the turning of a key.

In the mean time new habits were formed in the boy; a number of new necessities arose—food, dress, rest, and walking out, were so many new means of augmenting his dependance. Finding himself under the necessity of availing himself of those about him, he has begun to feel the force of moral affections, and has conceived a particular attachment for his governess. His ideas have been multiplied and connected; some efforts have been made to amuse him, and it is contrived to unite instruction with amusement. He has been exercised at comparisons: they have accustomed him to compare objects with their images, and in these comparisons he has only been constrained to use the united powers of judgment and of memory. Citizen Ytard thought this a favourable moment to teach him our written characters, and he made use of the method employed in the instruction of the deaf and dumb—he wrote the name of the object on the image, and then by effacing the image, he hoped that the name would remain connected with the remembrance of the object; but this method proved unsuccessful. Then other means were used, (which are detailed in Citizen Ytard's publication) the effect of which was as happy as could be hoped. The boy now distinguishes the characters of the alphabet, and places them in their order; he pronounces the words *laite*, *soupe* (milk, soup) in the common tone, and then brings the proper letters, and forms these words. In this manner he every

day acquires a new word ; he has already passed the limits of his ignorance—he has entered on the territory of reason ; he is in possession of some of our terms of speech, and will soon be enabled to give us some information respecting his early condition—a subject which of all others must be most interesting to curiosity.

It must be observed, that he finds great difficulty in the formation of articulate sounds ; from the effect of long disuse of his organs of speech, there are only a few words that he can pronounce perfectly ; but it is hoped that the same perseverance which conquered the first difficulties that stood in his way, will also help him over the others.

ACCOUNT OF PONT Y POOL.

(From Cox's History of Monmouthshire.)

Concluded from page 240, in our last volume.

I WAS much indebted to Mr. Leigh, (continues this ingenious traveller) to whom I was introduced by my friend Mr. Greene, for a kind reception at his hospitable mansion of Pont y Pool park. During my continuance in this pleasing abode, I was permitted to inspect the interesting correspondence and papers of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, which highly gratified my curiosity, and have enabled me to throw a considerable light on the anecdotes of his life.

These papers comprise great part of his official correspondence during his embassies at Dresden, Berlin, and Petersburg ; and many interesting letters on the politics of the times, from some of his most confidential friends, particularly Mr. Fox, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Rigby, and the late Earl of

Orford. Among these papers is a collection of his poems in manuscript, particularly the original copy of *Isabella, or the Morning*.

The mansion was partly built by Major Hanbury towards the latter end of the last century, and partly by his son Capel; it is a comfortable house, but will soon be much improved and beautified by the present proprietor, in conformity with a judicious plan which is now carrying into execution.

In the possession of Mr. Leigh are several family pictures, not uninteresting. Three portraits of Major Hanbury, at different periods; the first when he was a young man, in a coat of mail, with his head bare; the second middle aged; the third, in a red cap, in the latter part of his life. The first of these portraits exhibits a handsome and frank countenance, and the last displays, even in old age, an appearance of great spirit and vivacity. The head of his second wife, Bridget Ayscough; a half length of his son Capel; two portraits of the Honourable Mrs. Hanbury, eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Tracy, and wife of Capel; a three quarters, in crayons, of the late John Hanbury, Esq. another of his wife Mrs. Hanbury, now Mrs. Stoughton, and their three infant sons. Two portraits of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, one in full dress with the ribband and star of the order of the Bath, the second in a plainer habit, reposing his cheek on one hand, and holding in the other his poem of *Isabella, or the Morning*; this picture is well painted, and larger than that at Colebrook. I noticed also a fine whole length portrait of Sir John Hanbury, knight, of Kilmarsh, in Northamptonshire, who was descended from a collateral branch of the Hanburys, seated at Benehall,* in

* Heralds' office, pedigree of the Hanburys of Benehall and Kilmarsh.

the county of Worcester; he died in 1634, aged 65. A head of an old man in a blue night-cap, though indifferently painted, must not be passed over in silence—it is the portrait of Mr. Williams of Caerleon, the friend of Major Hanbury, and the great benefactor of the family.

Over the fire-place in the dining-room is a painting which represents Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in a mourning habit, sitting, with her daughter Anne, afterwards Countess of Sunderland, clothed in white, and holding a basket of fruit; Blenheim-house appears in the back ground; the beautiful countenance of the duchess, and the elegant form of the young lady, are eminently conspicuous. In the same apartment are several others, not undeserving of notice: John, Duke of Marlborough, sitting with a truncheon in his hand; Frederick the Second, King of Prussia—a present from that monarch to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, when ambassador at Berlin; the earl of Strafford, who was beheaded in the reign of Charles the First, by Vandyke; Sir Robert Walpole, a copy from Vanloo; and Thomas Winnington, Esq. of Stanford court, Worcestershire, the friend of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams—a great supporter of the Whig interest, and an active partisan of Sir Robert Walpole. He filled the offices of lord of the admiralty and treasury; was treasurer of the navy and paymaster of the forces, and died in 1747.

A connoisseur will not fail to admire two charming pictures by Morillo, a present from Sir Robert Walpole to Capel Hanbury; they represent two groupes of boys, with the nature and simplicity which characterise the works of that pleasing master. Among several curious paintings, which Mr. Leigh brought from Gnull Castle in the county of Glamorgan, the seat of her late husband, Sir Ro-

bert Humphrey Mackworth, bart. is an Esculapius, writing, said to be by Vandyke, and a portrait on wood of a handsome man in black armour, his head uncovered, with a scarf tied round his left arm, inscribed with a motto *n'oblie point*; a battle and a siege are represented in the back ground. It bears the date of 1577, ætatis 35, and an inscription, one word of which is illegible "*pour ***** et ma patrie.*" It appears to be the portrait of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the weak and haughty favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

The mansion is singularly situated at the extremity of the grounds, a small distance from the town, which (though seated on the perpendicular cliff rising from the opposite bank of the Avon) is so judiciously concealed by plantations of oak, beech, and poplars, that scarcely a single house is discerned. The view is rendered formal by a kitchen garden, which occupies the interval between the front of the house and the torrent, and by an artificial terrace, in the style of the last age, not consonant to the genius of the place. But these specimens of false taste will soon be removed; a lawn of verdure will gradually slope from the house to the torrent, and harmonise with the native beauties of the scenery.

The grounds are pleasing, wild, and diversified; a narrow lawn stretches from the house to the turnpike road to Pont y Moel; the western boundary is the Avon Lwyd, which here rushes with its usual rapidity; the left bank is flat, the right a perpendicular cliff, beyond which towers the bold and bare summit of the Mynydd Maen. On the opposite side of the vale the grounds rise into abrupt eminences, clothed with hanging groves, and crowned with tufts of wood. The edge of this beautiful valley, if skirted by a succession of ancient oaks, beeches, and Spanish chesnuts, which sweep the

lawn with their pendent and wide spreading branches. The upper part of the park is composed of gentle undulations swelling one above the other, and separated by small dingles; not a vestige of art appears, no clumps, no avenues, no formal outlines—the whole seems moulded and planted by the hand of nature.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, I had a pleasant ride through the park and grounds to the folly—a summer-house built by the late Mr. Hanbury, near the southern extremity of the chain of hills which stretch from Pont y Pool park, and terminate in the Bloreng. From this eminence, the wild and fertile parts of Monmouthshire, the hills and dales, plains and mountains, are beautifully combined, and enriched with woodlands, which overspread the country to a considerable extent. No traveller should quit Monmouthshire without enjoying this singular and almost boundless prospect.

The parish church of Pont y Pool, called Treve-thin, is situated on an eminence at a distance of a mile from the town; a neat gravel walk ascends to it through the plantations of Pont y Pool park—which was begun at the expence of Mrs. Evans, daughter of the late curate, and is now maintained by subscription under her superintendence. The church consists of a square tower of stone, with white-washed battlements, a nave, a north aisle, and a chancel. It appears to be an ancient structure—the nave being separated from the aisle by four low circular arches reposing on massive columns scarcely five feet in height. The chancel is divided from the church by a gothic arch, over which is inscribed “John Hanbury, Charles Rogers, mercer, church-wardens, 1730.” On the pulpit I noticed an inscription in large old charac-

ters—" 1637, God save the king, C. R. 13. J. H. A. H. R. H. A. H." which are the initial letters of John and Richard Hanbury and of their respective wives, with the arms of the family rudely carved.

At the eastern extremity of the northern aisle is a small chapel adjoining to the chancel, the cemetery of the Hanbury family. At the upper end is a sepulchral monument, erected by his widow to the memory of Major Hanbury, and surmounted by his bust in marble well executed.

" Here lies the body of JOHN HANBURY, Esq.
of Pont y Pool, in the county of Monmouth,
who by his great understanding and humanity
made the people of this place and neighbourhood rich
and happy ;

and they will tell their children to latest posterity
that he was a wise and honest man.

He was chosen in eight parliaments,
and was knight of the shire for the county of Monmouth at his decease.

He was appointed by the great Duke of Marlborough
one of his executors to his last will.

He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Edward Ayscough,
of Kelsey, in the county of Lincoln,
by whom he left five sons, John, Capel, Charles,
George, and Thomas.

He died the 14 day of June 1734 in the 70 year of his
age."

In the church-yard is an epitaph in verse which
deserves notice, because it was composed by Sir

Charles
a faith

Charles Hanbury Williams, in commemoration of
a faithful agent :

“ To the memory of

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

agent of the iron-works

to John Hanbury, Esq.

of Pont y Pool,

who died August the 1st

1739 : aged 66 years.”

“ With most religious truth it may be said
Beneath this stone an honest man lies dead ;
Vice he abhorr'd, in virtue's path he trod ;
Just to his master, humble to his God.
Useful he liv'd, and void of all offence ;
By Nature sensible, well bred by sense ;
His master's interest was his constant end ;
(The faithfull'st servant, and the truest friend)
For him his heart and hand were always join'd,
And love with duty strictly was combin'd.

Together thro' this vale of life they pass'd,
And in this church together sleep at last ;
For when the master's fatal hour was come,
The servant sigh'd and followed to the tomb.
And when at the last day he shall appear,
Thus shall his Saviour speak and scatter fear :
“ Well done, thou faithful servant, good and just,
Receive thy well deserv'd reward of trust ;
Come where no time can happiness destroy,
Into the fullness of thy master's joy.”

A proof of the rapid progress made by the
English language in this place was imparted to me
by the Rev. Mr. Williams, vicar of the parish.—
Since his first arrival at Pont y Pool, the service was
performed once in English, and three times in

Welsh, and the greater part of the congregation scarcely understood English; at present the two languages are alternately used, and the English tongue predominates.

OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH.

BY LORD BACON.

THERE is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health; but it is a safer conclusion to say, "This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it," than this, "I find no offence in this, therefore I may use it"—for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses, which are owing a man till his age. Discern of the coming of years, and think not to do the same things still—for age will not be defied. Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and if necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it: for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like; and try in any thing thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it by little and little; but so, as if thou dost find any inconvenience by the change, thou come back to it again: for it is hard to distinguish that which is generally held good and wholesome, from that which is good particularly and fit for thine own body. To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and

exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties, studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature. If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom—for those diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Despise no new accident in your body, but ask opinion of it. In sickness, respect health principally, and in health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in health, may in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured only with diet and tendering. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise—and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries. Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humour of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper, or (if it may not be found in one man) combine two of either sort; and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the most reputed of for his faculty.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

THE insertion of the following *Extract* from BISHOP NEWTON, which is particularly deserving the attention both of *merchants* and *tradesmen* at the commencement of the NEW YEAR, will oblige,

Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Islington, Jan. 1, 1801.

JOHN EVANS.

“TRADE is a fluctuating thing : it passed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amsterdam and London—the English rivalling the Dutch, as the French are now rivalling both. All nations almost are wisely applying themselves to trade ; and it behoves those who are in the possession of it to take care that they do not lose it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires sun, and soil, and fine seasons to make it thrive and flourish ; it will not grow like the palm tree, which, with the weight and pressure, rises the more. Liberty is a friend to that, as that is to liberty : but nothing will support and promote it more than virtue, and what virtue teacheth—sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God !”



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW tragedy, called *Alfonso, King of Castile*,
written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, was performed
on Friday evening for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso	Mr. MURRAY.
Orsino	Mr. COOKE.
Cæsario	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Henriques	Mr. BETTERTON.
Melchin	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Father Bazil	Mr. WADDY.
Gomez	Mr. CLERMONT.
Ricardo	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Amelrosa	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Otilla	Mrs. LITCHFIELD.
Estella	Mrs. ST. LEGER.

This production has certainly more pretensions to rank as a dramatic poem than an acting tragedy. In the first point of view it possesses many undeniable claims to excellence. The sentiments are generally noble, the diction impassioned, energetic, and natural, and the characters stamped with originality of idea and expression. Among the finest passages, we quote with pleasure the following, which was rapturously applied, by a great number of the audience, to our beloved Sovereign. *Orsino* thus expresses his effusions of loyalty, when urged by his son *Casario* to exact vengeance of his king for his private wrongs.

“*Casario*. Has he not wronged thee?”

“*Orsino*. Deeply, boy, most deeply—
But in his whole wide kingdom none but me!
Look thro’ Castile! See all smile, bloom, and flourish.

No peasant sleeps ere he has breath’d a blessing
On his good king—no thirst of power, false pride,
Or martial rage, he knows; nor wou’d he shed
One drop of subject blood to buy the title
Of a new Mars! E’en broken-hearted widows
And childless mothers, while they weep the slain,
Cursing the wars, confess his cause was just!
Such is Alfonso, such the man whose virtues
Now fill thy throne, Castile, to bless thy children.
What shews the adverse scale? What find we there?
My sufferings—mine alone! And what am I,
That I should weigh against the public welfare?
What are my wrongs against a monarch’s rights?
What is my curse against a nation’s blessings?”

There are, however, it must be admitted, several puny conceits, a glitter of verbiage, and shew of idle ornament, that evince a want of judgment; with many grand and impressive sentiments. Mr. Lewis has unfortunately combined many common-place

thoughts. Defective as the piece is in these respects, it is at least equal in poetical merit to the best tragedy which has been performed for the last ten years.

As a tragedy for representation we cannot speak of it so favourably—the plot is not conducted with skill, and the mind does not wait with anxiety for the catastrophe. The muse of Mr. Lewis delights too much in spectres and blood, and of the latter there is certainly a *quantum sufficit* to furnish matter for any six of our modern compositions in the same line.

The Cabinet of Birth.

Here let the jest and merry tale go round.

WHEN Louis XIV. was travelling through his kingdom, it was the custom for the mayors of towns through which he passed to harangue their sovereign at the gate of the town, attended by the *Eschevins* (Aldermen). At *Epernay*, in *Champagne*, when the mayor begun his harangue, an ass, loaded with apples, began, by the road side, to bray. The mayor, who only observed the monarch—and the king, who only heard the long-eared beast, called out with a loud voice, "Silence that ass!"—which so disconcerted the magistrate, that he could not say a word; and the king got quit of the ceremony for that time, with plenty of food for the amusement of himself and his courtiers.

When the great Duke of Marlborough visited the Duke of Montague at Boughton, he in high terms commended the excellency of his water-works; to which the latter, with great quickness replied, "but they are by no means comparable to your Grace's *fire-works*."



It is remarkable, that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, "God mend me!" One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used this expression. "Mend you!" says the coachman, "it would not be half the trouble to make a new one!"



A rich and sprightly city widow, pestered with letters of courtship by a certain tradesman, to whom her jointure would be very convenient, he was so imprudent lately as to accuse her before company of ill manners, in not answering his epistles.—"You can easily obviate the complaint," said she, "and have your revenge."—"How, madam?"—"By *never more writing to me*," rejoined the widow.



A young gentleman waited lately on a distinguished official character, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, to mention, that he was ambitious of getting into place. "Have you *money*, or *merit*?" asked the latter. "Plenty of both," replied the spark.—"That is impossible, young Sir—*merit* always dwells with *modesty*."



THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR,
1802.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

LO! from BELLONA's crimson car
At length the panting steeds unbound;
At length the thunder of the War
In festive shouts of Peace is drown'd:
Yet, as around her Monarch's brow
BRITANNIA twines the olive bough,
Bold as her eagle eye is cast
On hours of recent tempest past,
Thro' the rude wave and adverse gale
When free she spread her daring sail,
Immortal Glory's radiant form
Her guiding load-star through the storm,
Directed by whose golden ray,
Thro' rocks and shoals she kept her steady way—
"My sons," she cries, "can Honour's Guerdon claim,
Unsoil'd my parent worth, unstain'd their Sovereign's
fame."

ALBION, tho' oft by dread alarms,
 Thy native valour has been tried,
 Ne'er did the lustre of thy arms
 Shine forth with more refulgent pride
 Than which, while Europe's sons dismay'd,
 Shrunk recreant from thy mighty aid,
 Alone, unfriended, firm you stood
 A barrier 'gainst the foaming flood!
 When mild and soft the silken breeze
 Blows gently o'er the rippling seas,
 The pinnacle then may lightly sweep
 With painted oar the halcyon deep;
 But, when the howling whirlwinds rise
 When mountain billows threat the skies,
 With ribs of oak the bark must brave
 The inroad of the furious wave—

The hardy crew must to the raging wind
 Oppose the sinewy arm, the unconquerable mind.

In ev'ry clime where ocean roars,
 High tho' thy naval banners flew,
 From where, by Hyperborean shores,
 The frozen gale ungenial blew,
 To sultry lands, that Indian surges lave,
 Atlantic's isles, and fam'd Canopa's wave;
 Tho' from insulted Egypt's coast
 Thy armies swept the victor host,
 From veteran bands, where British valour won
 The lofty walls of Ammon's godlike son!
 Useless the danger and the toil
 To free each self-devoted soil,
 Auxiliar legions from thy side
 Recede, to swell the Gallic Conqueror's pride,
 While on Marengo's fatal plain,
 Faithful to honour's tie, brave AUSTRIA bleeds in vain!

Not fired by fierce Ambition's flame
 Did ALBION's Monarch urge his car
 Impetuous thro' the bleeding ranks of War,
 To succour and protect his noble aim:
 His guardian arm while each Hesperian vale,
 While LUSITANIA's vine-clad mountains hail,

Their ancient rights and laws restor'd,
The Royal Patriot sheds the avenging sword;
By Heav'n-born Concord led, while Plenty smiles,
And sheds her bounties wide, to bless the SISTER ISLES.

A BETH GELERT;

OR, THE STORY OF THE GREYHOUND.

(The story of this ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house: the greyhound, namtd Gelert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205; and the place, to this day, is called Beth Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.)

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
"Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"O where does faithful Gelert roam?
"The flower of all his race;
"So true, so brave a lamb—at home,
"A lion in the chace!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of Royal John,
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chace of heart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fags run blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood! blood he found on ev'ry side,
But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried:
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to the earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arouz'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh—
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn, and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear—
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe—
“Blest of thy kind, adieu!
“The frantic deed which laid thee low,
“This heart shall ever rue!”

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
Here oft the tear besprinkled grass,
Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds, would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of Gelert's grave!

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WITH a warning most solemn, the new opening
 year
 Addresses each mortal below ;
 May it, from our subsequent conduct, appear
 That its admonitions we know.

Ye *Young*, recollect that the year, as it flies,
 Brings you onward on life's busy stage :
 During youth be religious, be prudent, be wise,
 Thus will you bear fruit in old age.

Ye *Bustlers*, who've reached the grand acme of days,
 Know, your years are hence on the decline :
 Steal some hours from earth, for devotion and praise,
 That the evening of life may be fine.

Ye *Aged*, who, humanly speaking, will drop
 E'er this new year shall come to a close,
 Search the Scriptures—those fountains of solace and
 hope,
 That your last may be days of repose.

Ye *Princes* and *Kings*, know that each flying year
 Bears you also on to the grave :
 For that, by attention to virtue, prepare,
 Since virtue death's weapons can brave.

Ye *poor Sons of Want*, though distress'd, never mourn,
 Nor dare against God to complain :
 For each year brings you forward to that happy bourn
 Where exist neither sorrow nor pain.

Ye *Wicked*, reflect with the deepest remorse,
 That each year brings you nearer your end—
 An end the most dreadful, except, by your course
 Being alter'd, God is render'd a friend.

Ye *Righteous*, to you it belongs to rejoice,
The faster your years roll away,
For the sooner you'll hear your Maker's kind voice
Bid you welcome to regions of day.

Hackney,
Jan. 1, 1802.

J. F

PARAPHRASE

ON THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE PARTS OF
HERVEY'S WINTER PIECE.

BY T. THOMAS,
Pontypool, Monmouthshire.

PART. I.

'TIS true, in the delightful days, God's love
And tenderness most eminently move :
The *Vernal* months, all beauty to the eye,
With sweetest music the fond ear supply ;
The clouds drop fatness, and the soften'd air
Melts into balm, and sooths our every care :
While flow'rs in rich abundance round are spread,
Bloom where we look, and spring where'er we tread.
Midst *Summer* heats he wide expands the leaves,
And thick'ning shades his fostering hand receives ;
The cooling arbour spreads, the gentle breeze
Wakes into motion, without pow'r to freeze ;
The mossy couch invites to sweet repose,
Swells into beds more soft than luxury knows ;
While the bright streamlet rolls in murmurs by,
To sooth the mind and charm the longing eye.—
In *Autumn* how his bounty clothes the fields
With yellow treasure, best that nature yields,
With fruit delicious bends the yellow boughs,
While from his hand refreshing plenty flows ;
The hospitable board he crowns with store—
A magazine when summer warms no more.
But is it only in those months of green
That his all-gracious hand is seen ?

Can WINTER then no tokens of him raise—
Is Winter then not eloquent in praise?
Yes—for the mighty whirlwind marks his way,
And storms and tempests loud proclaim his sway;
Ev'n piercing frosts his endless goodness proves,
And trembling nations shrink when he reproofs.
Be Winter, then, awhile our only theme,
Nor fear improvement from the barren scene.
The rig'rous cold that binds with icy chain,
Our hearts may warm, and our affections gain.
See how the day is short'ned: see, the sun,
Detain'd in fairer climes, how loath to run
His shortened race. How slow! he scarcely moves
(Unwilling visitant) thro' leafless groves,
Walks with indifference and aspect shy
Along the edges of the southern sky—
On our dejected world no longer fair.
And scarcely scatters light through the thick air;
Dim his appearance, languid are his gleams,
Nor life nor vigour meet his oblique beams,
Or if by chance a brighter aspect wears,
Or cloudless brow, alas! he disappears
In the house of mourning; like the gay and young,
He seems uneasy, and betimes is gone.
Let him depart, nor court his longer stay,
Since he can shew at best a joyless day—
Nothing but spectacles of grief and woe—
A world in sorrow is a gloomy shew.
The flow'ry beds in death, the tuneful tribes
Now pass in silence their own chirping lives.
The trees, of verdure stript and lash'd by storms,
(To Heav'n relentless) spread their naked arms!
Fragrance no longer floats o'er groves below,
But chilling damps or cutting gales now blow.
Nature, divested of her robes so fair,
Sits like a forlorn widow in despair;
And winds in doleful accents o'er the deep
Howl—while the rains in show'rs repeated weep.
Sometimes the day is render'd shorter still,
And vapours gather round each dark'ning hill:
Impenetrable gloom obscures the sky,
And light and heat retire in silence by.

At length the rains descend, the sluices wide
 Pour forth the firmament's o'erwhelming tide :
 The low-hung clouds, whose congregated stores
 Deluge the earth and lash th' affrighted shores,
 Copious, unintermitted, still they pour
 (Still unexhausted) a perpetual show'r :
 The waters drop incessant from the caves,
 While hardest stones a lasting print receives :
 The loaded spouts discharge their rapid streams,
 And all around a liquid desert seems :
 The channel'd pavements hear their constant roar,
 And village streets in shallows bear their store.
 Should inattentive eyes or careless hands,
 The roof neglect, that half uncovered stands,
 Th' insinuating element, thro' every flaw,
 Soon finds its way, obeying nature's law,
 Stains the white ceiling, ready so chastise
 Who trusts his dwelling to th' uncertain skies.
 The plowman, soak'd, hies home with downward form,
 And leaves his half-till'd acre to the storm.
 Dripping with v - , the poultry quit the fields,
 And crave the shelter which the covert yields.
 The leafy tenants fold their matted wings,
 No merry songster in the arbour sings.
 The beasts dispirited, now croud the sheds,
 While roads are drown'd, and brooks forsake their beds,
 And rivers midst the ferment leap their bounds,
 Rous'd into rage, and drench the neigh'ring ground;
 Shoots through the meads, all opposition vain,
 And in a soaking deluge hides the plain.—
 How good for man, no flow'ry crops are borne
 By the wild stream, no vallies thick with corn,
 Are now destroy'd, what ruin might ensue,
 If he in judgment, dealt not mercy too,
 But thus well timed a strong manure yields,
 And riches in reversion cloth the fields.
 (How mighty! How majestic! and how grand,
 Are all thy works; thou God of seas and land!)
 When calm the air, where sleep the stormy winds?
 What chambers keep, what dungeons hold confin'd?
 'Till thou art pleas'd their dormant rage to wake,
 Throw wide their doors, and bid them vengeance take.—

Then with impetuous haste resistless fly,
 Spread death around, and all in ruins lie.
 The atmosphere in wild confusion hurl'd,
 In furious torrents shake th' astonish'd world.
 All Nature with the shock convulsive reels,
 And in her deepest holds the conflict feels.—
 The Forest vex'd and in the tumult tore,
 Groans with a scourge not often felt before;
 Her sturdy Sons, are strain'd from Air to Earth.
 And almost kiss the soil that gave them birth.—
 The stubborn Oak by mortal power not bent,
 Is headlong dash'd, by sweeping currents rent;
 With shatter'd arms, and mangl'd limbs around,
 Its vanquish'd trunk, lies measured with the ground;
 While the soft Reed, that decks the marshy soil,
 Stoops to the blast: nor once repents the toil;
 Eludes the gust, again resumes its form,
 Survives the wreck, and lives amid the storm.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

SONNET TO A LYRE.

FRRIEND of the lonely hour, from thy lov'd strain
 The magic pow'r of pleasure have I known:
 Awhile I lose remembrance of my pain,
 And seem to taste of joys that long had flown.

When o'er my suffering soul reflection casts
 The gloom of sorrow's sable-shadowing veil,
 Recalling sad misfortune's chilling blasts—
 How sweet to thee to tell the mournful tale!

And tho' denied to me the strings to move
 Like heav'nly gifted bards, to whom belong
 The power to melt the yielding soul to love,
 Or wake to war, with energetic song—
 Yet thou, my Lyre, canst cheer the gloomy hour,
 When sullen grief asserts her tyrant pow'r.

Barnard's Inn.

T. G***.

Literary Review.

Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D. D. F. R. S. E. late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland. Cadell and Davies. 6s. in boards.

THOSE who have read the writings of this eminent historian will wish to become acquainted with the particulars of his biography—but his life is little else than a history of his literary labours. Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON was born at Borthwick, Mid Lothian, 1721, his father being minister of that parish—received his grammar learning at Daltneith—and entered on his academical career towards the close of 1733, which he passed through with reputation. His common place book, dated 1735, 1736, and 1737, have this motto—“*Vita sine literis mors est*—Life without the cultivation of letters is DEATH;” which attests how soon those views and sentiments were formed which to his latest hour continued to guide and dignify his ambition. In 1741 he was licenced to preach, and in 1743 presented to the living of Gladsmuir, in East Lothian, by the Earl of Hope-ton. During 1745 and 1746 he was very active in suppressing the rebellion. In 1751 he married, and in 1755 published his famous sermon before the society for propagating Christian knowledge. In 1759, when he removed to Edinburgh as one of its

ministers, he brought out his *History of Scotland*.—In 1761 he became one of his Majesty's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; 1762 saw him chosen principal of the university of Edinburgh; and two years afterwards, the office of King's historiographer for Scotland, with a salary of two hundred pounds a-year, was revived in his favour. He published his *Charles the Fifth* in 1769, and his *History of America* in 1777, and in 1790 his *Historical Disquisition concerning India*, which is the last of his publications. Mr. Dugald Stewart (the author of this elegant narrative) gives the following interesting account of his illness and dissolution:—

“His health began apparently to decline in the end of the year 1791; till then it had been more uniformly good than might have been expected from his studious habits; but about this period he suddenly discovered strong symptoms of jaundice, which gradually undermined his constitution, and terminated at length in a lingering and fatal illness. He had the prospect of death long before him—a prospect deeply afflicting to his family and friends, but of which, without any visible abatement in his spirits, he happily availed himself to adorn the doctrines which he had long taught by an example of fortitude and of Christian resignation. In the concluding stage of his disorder, he removed from Edinburgh to *Grange House*, in the neighbourhood, where he had the advantage of a free air and a more quiet situation, and (what he valued more than most men) the pleasure of rural objects and of a beautiful landscape. While he was able to walk abroad, he commonly passed part of the day in a small garden, enjoying the simple gratifications it afforded with all his wonted relish. Some who now hear me will long remember, among the trivial yet interesting incidents which marked these last days of his memorable life, his daily visits to the fruit-trees (which were then in blossom), and the smile

with which he more than once contrasted the interest he took in their progress with the event which was to happen before their maturity! At his particular desire I saw him (for the last time!) on the 4th of June, 1793, when his weakness confined him to his couch, and his articulation was already beginning to fail—and it is in obedience to a request with which he then honoured me that I have ventured, without consulting my own powers, to offer this tribute to his memory.—He died on the 11th of the same month, in the 71st year of his age."

Such is the substance of this *memoir*, which was read before the Royal Society at Edinburgh: it does great credit to the talents of its author, and forms a handsome eulogium on the character of the most celebrated historian by which the age has been distinguished. The writer of this article had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Robertson preach frequently at Edinburgh in the year 1791; he was a robust man, and his mode of speaking, manly and impressive. His excellent writings will convey his name down with no small honour to posterity.

Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs; by Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy. Vernor and Hood. 4s. in boards.

WHEN the first production of a poet meets with universal admiration, a danger of failure, as to equal merit, is incurred by subsequent publications. This has been the case both with prose and poetical writers; however, we congratulate Mr. Bloomfield that the expectations raised by the *Farmer's Boy* are by this *second* volume abundantly gratified.

Richard and Kate depicts in a lively manner the comforts of virtuous old age in its numerous offspring.—*Walter and Jane* exhibits the anxieties attendant on marriage in the lower classes of the community ;—whilst the *Miller's Maid* deeply interests the feelings of nature by the delineation of barbarous treatment, contrasted by the amiable compassion of a warm and generous heart.—*Whittlebury Forest* (in which stands Wakefield Lodge, the seat of the Duke of Grafton), addressed to his children, displays a fine strain of parental affection, mixed with a description of rural scenery.—The other pieces, chiefly songs and ballads, are written with an enchanting ease and a most impassive simplicity. The *Ode to Peace*, with which the volume commences, will be found in the present number ; and the *Winter Song*, with which it concludes, together with other pieces of a similar nature, shall be extracted by us at different times, in order to enrich the pages of our Miscellany.

Aphorisms for Youth, with Observations and Reflections, religious, moral, critical, and characteristic—some original, but chiefly selected, during an extended course of reading, from the most distinguished English, French, and Italian writers ; interspersed with several pieces of original Poetry. Lackington and Co. 5s. in boards.

THIS pleasing little volume contains a variety of maxims by which the minds both of parents and children may be usefully impressed. They are selected with taste and ability, and we wish that they may be widely circulated. The preface informs us that “ Maternal solicitude first suggested the idea of the following compilation ; the instruction

of a beloved daughter was its object—anxiety for whose welfare directing every avocation of a fond mother's mind, produced the desire of culling for her benefit whatever could form an useful lesson from those stores of literary genius and exalted wisdom, which came within the reach of her inspection." We cannot help expressing a wish that *all* parents were equally attentive to the minds and morals of the rising generation.

Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education;
by Elizabeth Hamilton, author of the *Memoirs of*
Modern Philosophers, &c. Vol. II. Robinsons.
8s. in boards.

WE are happy in announcing the conclusion of this valuable work, the first volume of which we noticed in a former number of our miscellany. We think the whole production creditable to the talents of the writer, and its contents well calculated to promote the improvement of the persons for whom they are intended. On education much has been written, and Miss H. seems to have steered through a middle path, avoiding those extremes of rigour and licentiousness, which are of a most pernicious tendency. The human mind must be gradually expanded, and at the same time meliorated by lenient treatment. This is the most effectual way of urging the powers of the intellect to maturity, and of rendering man competent to the task of acting his part with dignity on the great theatre of society.

A Defence of Public Education; addressed to the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Meath. By William Vincent, D.D. Cadell and Davies. 1s. 6d.

DR. RENNEL, and afterwards the Bishop of Meath, attacked public schools—and here the master of Westminster school strenuously defends them. The pamphlet is ably written, but carries not conviction to *our* minds. In a seminary where a large number of boys are educated, they will be necessarily corrupted: most alarming instances of this degeneracy have appeared, and to this cause the profligacy of our national manners have been attributed. We are glad, therefore, the subject is taken up, and trust that it will be thoroughly investigated. The only proper mode of training youth is by placing them in a situation where the number of pupils is not so small as to prevent a spirit of emulation, nor so large as to beget a disposition to extravagance, riot, and confusion. Such a plan is assuredly most favourable to religion and morality.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

IT is with the most heart-felt pleasure that we commence the *New Year* with the idea that PEACE is now diffusing her blessings throughout the earth. May her reign be extended and perpetuated to the latest posterity!

The *Definitive Treaty* still remains unsigned;—indeed the adjustment of so many jarring claims cannot be instantaneously effected. In former in-

stances, *six* or *eight* months have passed away before the matter could be finally settled. On the present occasion, therefore, we have no just reason to expect that the affairs of nations could be adjusted with greater rapidity. Let us, therefore, wait patiently—trusting that the inestimable blessings of peace will in due time be realised.

The *Mutineers* have been tried, and *eleven* of them executed at Portsmouth. This case is much to be pitied; but our governors no doubt justify the procedure by the imperious law of necessity. Without subordination, the navy and army would soon run into irretrievable destruction.

The *French* seem in a state of great tranquillity. The First Consul is now paying a visit to Lyons, in the south of France: in that city he has been received in a most splendid manner, and with the warmest congratulations. It is even said that he intends visiting Bourdeaux, and thence return to the metropolis.—The talents and success of this extraordinary man excites admiration.

From *Egypt* intelligence has been received of the murder of the Beys by the Grand Signior;—as these unhappy men were under the protection of the English, it is reasonably to be expected that our government will chastise the Turks for this notorious act of treachery.

The President of the *United States*, in a speech delivered at Washington, Dec. 8, develops the particular condition and flourishing circumstances of that famed country. There is a manly perspicuity, and also a pacific spirit, which command our approbation. May peace and abundance extend their joint empire over every region of the globe!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

1. **A** COMMISSION granted by the admiralty for convening a court-martial for the trial of the mutineers in the late disturbance at Bantry-bay.

2. A meeting held by the printers and booksellers at the Crown and Anchor tavern, to take into consideration the enormous price of paper, and to endeavour to obtain from government some abatement of the present high duty.

6. Being the feast of Epiphany (commonly called Twelfth Day), his Majesty's offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, was made at the Chapel Royal at St. James's by the Bishop of London.

7. A detachment of the Guards arrived from Egypt, and, whilst marching into Portman barracks, were received by thousands of spectators with the loudest and most unbounded acclamations.

8. The Academy of ancient Music had their first general rehearsal for the season in the great room at the Crown and Anchor tavern, being the 74th of the kind. The performance, as usual, commenced with Dr. Rogers' invocation—"Come, all noble souls;" Mrs. Second sung, "Holy Lord;" Miss Tenant and Master Smith were loudly applauded in the duet, "O, lovely Peace!"—and the whole concluded with Handel's celebrated "Nightingale Chorus."

11. Mayfield, Ward, Chesterman, Fitzgerald, Cross, Lockier, Cummins. White, Hillier, Collins, Dayly, Rowland, Jones, and Cooke, of the *Temeraire*, were tried on board the *Gladiator* in

Portsmouth harbour, and this day found guilty of mutiny, in refusing to go to the West Indies. All (excepting White, who was to receive 200 lashes) were sentenced to be hanged. The trial lasted six days.

14. Mayfield, Collins, Fitzgerald, Chesterman. Ward, and Hillier were executed at Spithead.—They all behaved in a manner becoming their unhappy situation.

17. Six more of the mutineers were tried at Portsmouth, and being found guilty, five of them were executed. Their case is greatly to be pitied. It is to be hoped that these awful examples will deter others from insubordination in the service of their country.

18. The Queen's birth-day was ushered in and celebrated with its usual cheer and festivity. The company at court was numerous—the dresses splendid—and the tradesmen belonging to the Royal Family took care to decorate their houses in the evening of the day with appropriate illuminations.

20. Joseph Wall, Esq. governor of Goree, a little island on the coast of Africa, was tried at the Old Bailey by a special commission, and found guilty of the murder of Benjamin Armstrong, at the said island, in the year 1782. The deceased died of excessive flogging. The lives of two other persons had been taken away by him in the same manner and on the same occasion. Being however convicted on the first indictment, he was condemned to be hanged. In 1784 he had been arrested, and fled from justice. He lately offered himself for trial, under the firm idea of an acquittal.—He was a very tall genteel-looking man, and upwards of sixty years of age.—The reader may rely on these particulars respecting his person, the writer of this article having been present at his trial in the Old Bailey.

22. Out of 44 candidates for admission into the Asylum for the support and education of the Deaf and Dumb children of the poor, only *five* could be admitted at the last half-yearly election. This infant institution has 35 boys and 11 girls upon it; and their progress in the acquirements of knowledge, and means of getting their own living, best bespeaks the high necessity as well as worth of this charitable institution.

23. A shocking accident happened at the Royalty theatre, Goodman's Fields. A Jew lad, in his endeavours to get a front seat in the gallery, was precipitated by the pressure of the people from that height to the extremity of the pit, by which his legs were broken, his collar-bone dislocated—and he instantly expired!

28. This morning, about 8 o'clock, Governor Wall was brought out and executed in the front of Newgate. He had been respited twice. The crowd was immense, and upon his appearance on the scaffold, the mob inhumanly burst into acclamations.—The case of this unfortunate gentleman is singular: For a crime committed *twenty* years ago, and upon evidence of a contradictory nature, he has been sentenced to death! The public mind has been greatly divided respecting him: but the example will be useful in deterring others from the commission of such outrageous acts of barbarity.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHAN THRING, Moorhouses, Lincoln, farmer. G. Kirson, Halifax, innkeeper. G. P. Ingold, Braintree, Essex, money-scrivener. A. Eyre, Union-street, Mary-le-bone, grocer. J. Nabb, Garrison, Derbyshire, calico-printer. H.

Trollip, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, mealmar.
John Juxon, Birmingham, grocer. Mark Nash,
Wotton-Underedge, Gloucestershire, currier. J.
Abbott and M. Palmer, Monk-Weremouth Shore,
Durham, sail-makers. J. Wallace, Upper Mary-
le bone-street, carpenter. J. Duff, Finsbury-square,
merchant. W. Reece, Liverpool, merchant. D.
Tobin and T. O'Meara, Nicholas-lane, merchants.
T. Addison, Chute Forest, and W. Addison, Mil-
ton, Wiltshire, corn-dealers. R Wakeman, Bir-
mingham, plater. T. Dennett, New-street, Co-
vent-Garden, goldsmith. Wm. Graham, Rusk-
ington, Lincolnshire, miller. L. Jones, late of the
Collonade, Grenville-street, Brunswick-square,
builder. J. Lickley, Newcastle-street, Strand,
hosier. W. M'George, Old Bond-street, banker.
T. Bulmer, Harmby, Yorkshire, dealer. H.
G. Bonnin, New Bond-street, furniture-prin-
ter. W. Cooper, late of Derby, iron-founder.
W. Lindsay, Manchester, manufacturer. G.
Kendray, Hammer, York, dealer. C. Shaw,
J. Graham, and J. Burn, Southampton, wine-
merchants. W. Streater, Billingham, Sussex,
miller. Margaret Ballman, Corfe Mullen, Dorset,
miller. J. Timmis, Bowling-street, Westminster,
shopkeeper. N. Lonsdale and T. Tompson, Bed-
ford-street, Covent-Garden, woollen-drapers. J.
Phillips, Swan-inn, Ross, innholder. R. Gates,
Great Saffron-hill, Holborn, baker. J. Nobes and
W. Nobes, Southsea-common, Portsea, green-
grocers. W. Bendall, Whitcombe, Somerset-
shire, mealman. R. Blackmore, Colonade, near
the Foundling-hospital, Middlesex, painter. J.
Roberts, Shrewsbury, linen-draper. R. Guthrie,
and Colin Cook, Liverpool, merchants. W. J.
Donne, Liverpool, linen-draper. J. Heawood,
late of Stockport, manufacturer. W. Powell,
late of Brompton, Middlesex, butcher. J. Charr

berlain, Brampton, Suffolk, innkeeper. J. Belamy and A. De Valanguin, Holborn, wine-merchants. W. Thorn, Drury-lane, woollen-drape. T. Needham, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, hosier. W. Green, Swansea, cheesemonger. J. Sissons, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. S. M'Knight, jun. Liverpool, merchant. J. Stuart, Canterbury-square, Tooley-street, mariner. J. Bishop, Leighton-hall, Lancashire, merchant. A. Douglas, Mount-row, Lambeth, Surrey, dealer. W. Bishop, Leighton-hall, Lancashire, merchant. J. Dane, W. Williamson, and R. Clay, Arnold, Nottinghamshire, hosiers. A. Harris, White-chapel, Middlesex harter. S. C. Rozas, Brown's-buildings, Leadenhall-street, merchant. W. Webb, Clothfair, smith. T. Nanfan, Manchester, ware-houseman. W. Walker, Lancaster, merchant. G. Wright, Worcester, glove-seller. R. Clarke, Fore-street, Cripplegate, grocer. R. Fogg, jun. New Bond-street, chinaman. J. Coles, Smithfield, banker. J. T. Porter, Deal, Kent, grocer. R. and G. Clarke, Grub-street, horse-dealers. R. Taylor, Newton-Moor, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. M. Benedicti, Liverpool, shopkeeper. S. Johns, Plymouth-dock, shopkeeper. G. Skinner, Liverpool, master and mariner. J. Wall, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, baker. J. Lockey, Oxford, grocer. R. Wiggin, Bilston, Staffordshire, druggist.

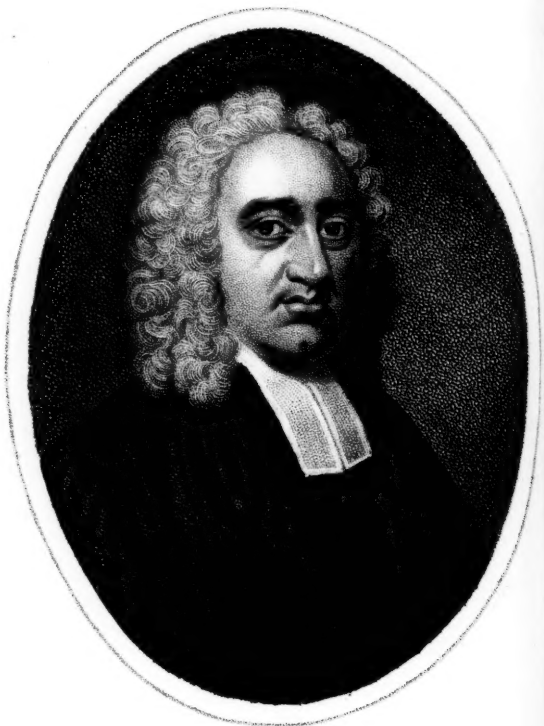
To Correspondents.

On account of the repeated applications of several valuable correspondents for insertion of their communications, we have been induced to resume the Juvenile Recreations, Births, &c. to the next number of our Miscellany.

We thank A. Z. for his very ingenious and pleasing communication, which we have just received.

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Mackenzie sc.

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